THE
NATION

MAY 11, 1957 . . 25c

BILLY GRAHAM: In Business with the Lord

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by W. G. McLoughlin, Jr.

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LETTERS

Evaluating Values

Dear Sirs: It is a thankless and unprofitable task for an author to criticize a reviewer; but Professor Geyl's review of my book, *History in a Changing World*, (April 13, 1957) gives so one-sided a picture of its contents that it would be misleading if it were left without comment. He appears to make two major charges against me: (1) that I am preoccupied with power at the expense of morality; (2) that, in pleading for a wider view of history, embracing not just Western Europe but Asia, the Pacific and the New World, I do less than justice to the intrinsic value of Western European history.

It is perfectly true that I deal in some detail with the question of power—and for that I make no apology, for the problem is certainly not insignificant—but to write as though that is all I have to say, is nonsense. I am as aware as Professor Geyl of the moral issues. "What really matters," I specifically wrote, "is the moral values a civilization expresses"; and elsewhere I define the problems of European civilization as "spiritual problems" which "mechanical explanations" cannot solve. He says I am "sarcastic" about the European heritage, yet this is how I define it:

> This, precisely this is the European inheritance: not concrete achievements, which can be counted up and handed down, but the spiritual exaltation, the incomparable soaring of the human spirit, the opening of new horizons, even though they have left behind (and were doubtless bound to leave behind) unsolved and insoluble problems. Success or failure is not the only criterion. . . .

The truth is that I was grounded, as much as Professor Geyl, in European values, and am well aware of their positive qualities. The fact remains that I do make two qualifications which Professor Geyl evidently does not share. The first is that history, as I wrote, should deal with "the lasting elements in European history," and not (as too often it does) with "the din of battle and the strident notes of diplomacy," with the wars of the Spanish succession or the Austrian succession which (I still submit) are "dead and beyond resurrection." The second is that our preoccupation with Western values should not blind us to the importance, today and in the past, of other values—the values, let us say, of Islam or Buddhism or Confucianism; it must not lead us to the view, which may not be formulated in theory but is commonly acted upon in practice, that the only history worth knowing is European. About that I can see nothing startling, or pernicious, or even new, and it is scarcely perhaps even necessary to say it in the United States, which does not share our European prejudice.

GEOFFREY BARRACLOUGH
London, England

No Whitewash Intended

Dear Sirs: In your edition of April 13, there is a very fine article written by Dan Wakefield: Worker from Puerto Rico: The Vulnerable Stranger. Most of the cases mentioned are pretty well documented, which makes me think that the author must have spent quite some time studying the records held by some organizations.

As far as the Labor Advisory Committee on Puerto Rican Affairs is concerned, I recall having an extended conversation with Mr. Wakefield, when several questions were put to me. And one of my answers was quoted out of context: "When asked what happens to complaints that are not due to misunderstandings, but to unions being at fault, Mr. Perez said it would be necessary to call a meeting of the Executive Board to deal with such cases. When asked how many times it had been necessary to call such a meeting, Mr. Perez said 'Never'."

What Mr. Wakefield failed to mention is the fact that I was referring to the unions that are members of the committee, for such had been the gist of the question put forth by him.

Due to the misquotation mentioned above, many readers undoubtedly got the impression that the Labor Advisory Committee on Puerto Rican Affairs was set up in order to whitewash the racketeering actions of the so-called labor unions that are victimizing Puerto Ricans, when the truth is that the committee was and is an instrument of the decent segment of labor in New York to help integrate the Puerto Rican into his union and his community.

JOSEPH M. PEREZ
Executive Secretary
Labor Advisory Committee
on Puerto Rican Affairs
New York City

Dear Sirs: It was not my intention to imply that "the Labor Advisory Committee on Puerto Rican Affairs was set up in order to whitewash the racketeering actions of the so-called labor unions that are victimizing Puerto Ricans..." It was my intention to imply that the work of the "decent segment of labor in New York" in helping its Puerto Rican members leaves much to be desired.

DAN WAKEFIELD
New York City

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VOLUME 184, NUMBER 19
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1957

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Senator McCarthy

Senator Joseph McCarthy is dead. So quickly does malevolence rise and vanish in American life that the news of his death, which would have incited sensational interest two years ago, may now be noted in a paragraph, sealing as it does a verdict then returned. The junior Senator from Wisconsin left a squalid political estate with few legatees or claimants. His single contribution was the addition of the word McCarthyism to the American language. The best that can be said of him was that his idea of American patriotism, which we hope he was sincere about, is not one that *The Nation* shared while he was living and could, of course, never accept now that he is dead.

The Inattentive Giant

This country's friends throughout the world know that Francis Walter and James Eastland do not constitute the voice of America; yet because these are so often the only voices they hear, they conclude—as Cedric Belfrage did in his bitter indictment of cold-war America—that America is a "frightened giant." For example, many of Dr. Otto Nathan's friends in Europe will think that we must be frightened quite out of our wits when they learn that he is about to be sentenced for contempt of Congress. For they know him as a quiet, gentle scholar, an intimate friend of the late Albert Einstein and executor of the Einstein estate, a top economic adviser under the Weimar Republic, and a lifelong Social Democrat.

It is clear to anyone who takes the trouble to check the facts that Dr. Nathan, when questioned about his political beliefs, invoked the First Amendment not because he had anything to hide, but because he is devoted to the freedom that amendment guarantees. It is apparent from the transcript of the hearings that, had he wished to do so, he could have avoided conflict with the Un-American Activities Committee.

Dr. Nathan's European friends will not be surprised that Dr. Nathan should find himself in contempt of the committee; what will puzzle them is why so few Americans seem to resent the thought that this elderly immigrant scholar should be punished for protecting their freedoms. The explanation, of course, is not that the American giant is frightened, but that he is inattentive almost to the point of mindlessness. Through inattention to this and similar cases, the American people are permitting a damaging and misleading impression to spread abroad that they are so frightened that they dare not defend freedom's first principles against attack, not by armed foreign enemies, but by a handful of unarmed domestic bigots. The giant should wake up, put aside his manifold comforts and conveniences for a moment, and cock an eye at the miscreants in Washington who are giving this country a bad name throughout the civilized world.

Professors and Principles

A new kind of threat to academic freedom has been developing on certain Southern campuses, where faculty members have been dismissed for openly espousing the cause of desegregation and, in some instances, joining anti-segregation organizations. The issue was brought to the floor of the annual meeting in New York last week of the American Association of University Professors, and the response was gratifying. The delegates, warning that such dismissals "have the effect of undermining the freedom and integrity of these institutions and of education generally," approved a resolution affirming the right of both faculty members and students to belong to organizations that seek, by lawful means, to support desegregation in schools.

The resolution does no more, of course, than to affirm the obvious: i. e., that no one ought to be punished for believing in a decision of the United States Supreme Court. But in the context, it was a courageous action; and especially so for those professors who, having voted "aye," must now return to Southern campuses to face their (financial) bosses.

Juggling the Embargoes

Washington

For some time our allies have been pressing us to abolish the differential between the near total embargo on trade with China and the far less rigid ban which exists on trade with the European Communist

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bloc. Last month we sent confidential proposals on the matter to Chincom, a committee comprising the NATO states minus Iceland and plus Japan, which regulates trade with Peking. This correspondent has seen the proposals; several of the Chincom countries have already declared them to be unsatisfactory, and with good reason.

Western trade with the world's two great Communist areas is now governed by two separate embargo lists: the China List and the so-called International List, which affects Moscow and the Soviet bloc. The International List is divided into three categories: strategic goods, the export of which is banned altogether; marginal products, which may be shipped in restricted amounts; and a "watch" list, which consists of products which may be exported to Eastern Europe, but only under continuous supervision and subject to stoppage at any time that intelligence reports indicate such a step advisable.

Washington's proposal to Chincom is that fifty of the 207 items which comprise the present China List be transferred to the "watch" category of the International List; that the China List be abandoned altogether as such; and that hereafter trade with Peking be governed exclusively by the International List. At first glance, this would seem to be a significant American concession; if only fifty items of the 207-item China List are transferred to the International List, it looks as though the remaining 157 items would become freed for unrestricted trade. The gimmick is that most of these 157 items are already on the International List and would therefore continue to be banned or controlled in respect to trade with China. Moreover, the transferred fifty items include the things China wants most for industrial and agricultural development, including rubber and "general industrial equipment."

The purpose of the proposed embargo revision, of course, is to please not the Communists but our allies, who are chafing to re-enter the China market. It is extremely relevant, therefore, that the enlarged International List would include many items which Britain, France, Japan and other friendly nations are anxious to sell to Peking.

The question still remains: Whom do we hurt more by our embargo—our friends or our "enemies"?

One Step Forward

The exploitation, discrimination and neglect of Puerto Rican workers by a great many unions in New York City (see *The Nation,* April 13) continues—but there is at least one instance of union awakening to the problem. The United Textile Workers of America, AFL-CIO, whose New York local 229 has three shops facing decertification elections in the NLRB due to grievances from the almost wholly Puerto Rican membership, last week sent an international officer to hold a meeting of local officials and workers in New York to get "the honest-to-God story of what is going on." Jose Perez, chairman of the AFL-CIO advisory committee on Puerto Rican affairs; Murray Kempton, of the New York *Post,* and a correspondent of *The Nation* were invited to sit in on the meeting. (See Letters column in this issue.)

For two hours, approximately twenty Puerto Rican workers from three of Local 229's shops put their questions and complaints to Lloyd Klenert, international secretary-treasurer of the United Textile Workers.

Mr. Klenert personally promised the workers action on their problems. When the meeting was over, one of the lawyers of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, which has provided legal aid to the Puerto Rican workers, invited Mr. Klenert to meet with the ACTU people and the workers involved in the decertification petitions. The ACTU representative said that if the union was serious about remedying the grievances of the Puerto Ricans, not only in the cases heard at the meeting but in all of their legitimate complaints, he thought the petitions could be withdrawn. We hope that Mr. Klenert, along with Archie Katz, president of Local 229, will accept the invitation. An international officer sent to hold one meeting is a commendable beginning, but if the union is serious about its intentions to help its Puerto Rican members, it is far from the end.

First Round

Washington

The United States has won the first round in Jordan.

Our Central Intelligence Agency claimed to have evidence that Egypt and Syria, with Soviet backing, were plotting to overthrow Hussein, Jordan's twenty-one-year-old monarch. With American support, Hussein promptly got rid of his anti-Western prime minister, Suleiman Nabulsi, just as the latter was about to establish diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union. The young king then proceeded to deal firmly with the opposition, abolishing all political parties, throwing dissident politicians into prison and parading the strength of his loyal Legion through the curfew-emptied streets of his capital.

King Saud of Saudi Arabia made common cause with his fellow monarch. This fact added greatly to Washington's satisfaction over the outcome, for U.S. diplomacy is aimed at ending the long feud which has existed between the Wahabi (Saudi) and Hashemite (Iraq and Jordan) dynasties. An Iraq-Jordan-Saudi Arabia understanding would go a long way toward isolating Egypt and Nasser. But no doubt King Saud was thinking more of oil than of feuds when he expressed support for Hussein; he wanted to safeguard the pipeline which runs from his fabulous oil fields through Jordan to the Lebanese port of Sidon.

Quite likely Hussein's (and Washington's) victory

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averted a war. In the sense that Jordan is viable neither economically nor politically, it constitutes a vacuum exerting a constant pull on its neighboring states. Iraq and Syria have rival claims upon it; Israel has already announced that any Arab invasion of her Eastern neighbor would provoke her own army to action. Jordan's only hope for continued existence is a strong government supported by the Arab Legion, the best army in the Arab world.

So much for the events of the immediate past and their projection into the immediate future. But what of the long-range view? One State Department official put it candidly: "First we sent our Richards mission to the Mideast to see which countries we could buy. Then we sent the U.S. Sixth Fleet to whip into line those whom we couldn't purchase." Seen historically, the outcome of the struggle in little Jordan ties the United States more closely than ever to social groups which are on their way out. It binds us to the effete monarchs who one day will have to ask Farouk to move over and make room for them in luxurious exile. The Jordanian king whom we are sustaining relies for support on the one-third of his peoples who are true Jordanians—and most of these are illiterate, nomadic Bedouins. Technological advance is bound to bring an end to the Bedouin. And the other two-thirds of Jordan's population are Palestine Arabs who feel no allegiance to Hussein.

We appear to have underwritten Hussein's doctrine which brands all opponents as "pawns of international communism." But much more than communism is involved. The Middle East is going through two revolutions simultaneously: a Nationalist revolution and an industrial one. In linking ourselves to medieval monarchs—in Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Jordan—we are taking a stand in behalf of a doomed past.

In a sense, the American and Soviet formulas seem to converge. The Soviets argue, as they did in Hungary, that anyone who revolts against them is a Fascist; and we endorse the view that anyone who revolts against Hussein or the other Mideast monarchs is a Communist. In our own interest, it is to be hoped that this does not represent Washington's final answer to the problems of the Arabian world.

In Business With the Lord

BILLY GRAHAM . . *by W. G. McLoughlin, Jr.*

NEXT WEEK Billy Graham begins a six-week evangelistic "crusade" in Madison Square Garden. Forty years ago in April, 1917, Billy Sunday conducted a ten-week evangelistic "campaign" in a specially constructed wooden tabernacle on Broadway and 168th Street. Forty-one years before that, in 1876, Dwight L. Moody conducted a nine-week "preaching mission" in Barnum's Hippodrome. And forty-four years before that, in 1832, Charles Grandison Finney conducted a three-week "revival meeting" in the remodeled Chatham Street Theatre. Several hundred conversions were made by Finney; Moody's total was estimated at 5,000; Billy Sunday convinced 98,000 to "hit the sawdust trail"; it is Billy Graham's modest estimate that "hundreds of individuals" will "make decisions"—to use his terminology—but it is probable that the total will rival his record of 38,000 in London three years ago.

New York City has always been considered the climax of an evangelist's career. It took Billy Sunday twenty years to get up the courage to try to "awaken" it. Finney had stormed the "burnt-over district" of western New York State from Rochester to Utica for six years before he came to the big city. Moody, like Graham, toured the biggest cities of Scotland and England before he ventured into New York.

As for making any noticeable or lasting impression upon either the moral or religious life of the city, none of the revivals was very successful. And yet, because all of them were backed by wealthy laymen and leading Protestant clergymen, none was exactly a failure. It is safe to say that Billy Graham will find a sufficient number of people in the city willing to listen to his message, to publicize his meetings and to "hit the trail" so that he, too, will be able to claim the temporary success which seems sufficient to keep mass evangelism alive.

A year from now someone will ask "What has happened to Graham's converts?" and the Graham organization will provide suitable statistics to show that "his converts stick." Five years from now everyone will have forgotten all about it. And forty years or so from now some new "thunderer of revival" will claim that New York is the sin-hole of the nation and needs a great spiritual awakening to save it from the destruction of Babylon.

There are two basic reasons for this recurring phenomenon in American life. The first is that professional revivalism has become an institutionalized business which is built into the life and thought of the major Protestant churches. The second is that Americans have a perpetual guilty conscience about the incon-

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sistency between their ideals and their practices. Since Americans are the most practical as well as the most idealistic of people, they have evolved the highly efficient system of mass revivalism to do two things: to purge themselves periodically of self-dissatisfaction, and to alleviate their recurrent disillusionment at the failure of their dreams of a world of peace and plenty.

Billy Graham claims to have the answer to America's current wave of disillusion, and it is obvious that he can count on being at least a statistical success in New York. He would not come to the city otherwise. It has already been proved that many people want to hear what Graham has to say, and even if New Yorkers do not, the tremendous publicity which has made his name a household word has incited sufficient curiosity among the twenty million people of the metropolitan area to fill Madison Square Garden every night for the whole six weeks of the crusade.

But Graham is taking no chances on the mere unearned increment of publicity. He is at the head of a wealthy, influential and superbly managed business organization which has capitalized upon all the mass-revival techniques of the past 125 years and added a few gimmicks of its own. Graham makes no secret of the businesslike way in which he operates. In fact, he is proud of his organization and of the results it so efficiently produces. "I am selling the greatest product in the world," he says, "why shouldn't it be promoted as well as soap?"

But what Graham does not say is that his merchandising technique is borrowed almost wholesale from that perfected by Billy Sunday. Though Graham speaks patronizingly of Billy Sunday as "a great baseball player, a great athlete" who changed many lives by his preaching, he insists that "our methods are different." When specifically asked whether Sunday did not use the same techniques as he does, Graham answers, "I should say that perhaps in preparation he did in the beginning, but I can't answer that too specifically because I've never really delved into it. I would say that our meetings are more along the line of the Moody meetings of about seventy-five years ago."

It is understandable that Graham wants to associate himself with the more respectable memory of Moody than with that of the man who was called by his official biographer "A Gymnast for Jesus." But the truth of the matter is that there was a difference only in degree between Moody's methods and Sunday's. And anyone who did delve into the matter, as Graham's associates obviously have, would see that Graham owes more to the streamlined business efficiency of Billy Sunday than to the crude mechanics of D. L. Moody. In its day, Billy Sunday's organization was rated with the National Cash Register Company as one of the top five most efficient business organizations in the nation. Whether or not National Cash Register is still in this class, Billy Graham almost certainly is.

WHAT DO these methods amount to? To begin with, there is the Billy Graham "team" which is the exact counterpart of the Sunday "party," and which follows precisely the system evolved by Sunday between 1900 and 1917. Graham's New York team is made up of fourteen specialists (Sunday had seventeen for his New York campaign), each of whom manages a separate aspect of the campaign. As in Sunday's party, the team includes an advance man, a business manager, a publicity man, a follow-up man, two counselling experts, a solo singer, a choir director, three assistant evangelists, a pianist, an organist and a personal assistant for Graham. In addition, there are associated specialists (excluding twenty clerical workers) who help in the training of counsellors, ushers and the Bible-reading groups; in conducting outside meetings in shops and factories; in working with children and young people; and in arranging the thousands of petty details involved in an enterprise which spends a million dollars a year for revival meetings and has handled totals of a million people during the course of major crusades. The estimated cost for counselling and follow-up in New York is $40,000. Salaries and expenses of Gra-

"Packing" the Garden

Only 7,800 of Madison Square Garden's 19,000 seats will be available to the general public each night (and only 7,300 on weekend nights) during Billy Graham's appearances there. Here is how the Garden will be "packed":

	No. Seats Reserved
Choir	1,500
Ushers	600
Counsellors*	1,000-1,500
Platform guests	100
Ministers and families	500
Out-of-town delegations**	7,500
TOTAL RESERVED	
Week nights	11,200
Weekends	11,700
TOTAL GARDEN CAPACITY	19,000

*1,500 on weekend nights.

**At this writing, delegations have already been arranged for from Nashville, Houston, Detroit, Toronto, Louisville, Oklahoma City and Richmond.

BILLY GRAHAM and BILLY SUNDAY in NEW YORK
A Comparative Study in Organization

BILLY GRAHAM (1957)		BILLY SUNDAY (1917)	
Experts and Specialists	25	Experts and Specialists	25
Three choirs (each)	1,500	Three choirs (each)	1,500
Volunteers for Counselling	5,000	Volunteers for counselling	3,000
Volunteers for Ushers	1,500	Ushers used	2,000
Publicity and Advertising (est.)	$255,000	Publicity and Advertising	$5,732.29
Total Cost (est., for six weeks excluding salaries for Graham and team)	$1,000,000	Total Cost (ten weeks, including Sunday's offerings and all salaries)	$320,659.13
Total attendance	?	Total attendance	1,250,000
Total "decisions"	?	Total "decisions"	98,254

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ham's team in Nashville, Tennessee, totalled $17,455.02; in New York, the team's housing and travel expenses alone will cost $39,500 and the office operations will cost $105,000 (salaries will total nearly $50,000).

THE ADVANCE man is the key to the whole movement. It is he who examines invitations for Graham's evangelistic services and who promotes requests from cities which are hesitant. He talks to ministerial committees and tells them what they must do in order to secure Graham; he smooths over opposition, cajoles or browbeats the reluctant, contacts the influential laymen and the key clergymen; he spells out details of crusade costs and the efficient methods which the team has developed to raise the money. When ministerial support is not up to the Graham standard, as it was not in New York two years ago when the present crusade was under discussion, the advance man arranges for Graham to talk to the undecided pastors and even gives them a free sample of what Graham can do by arranging a one-night stand (as in Madison Square Garden on March 3, 1956, when Graham spoke to a packed house ostensibly to help out his friend, Jack Wyrtzen, founder of the Word of Life Fellowship, Inc.).

Billy Sunday's advance man did the same things, and he had just as difficult a time with the Episcopalians in New York as Graham has had. But most hesitant clergymen swing into line when the publicity and enthusiasm begin to reach a climax. Graham's advance man was formerly associated with Billy Sunday; he still follows Sunday's methods.

Ever since Finney's day, the technique of planning revivals has necessitated the cooperation, in advance, of the majority of the Protestant churches in a city. Billy Sunday would never go to a community until the ministerial association or the various denominational bodies had first voted to invite him. Moody had the same system, and so does Graham. This is the major difference between "professional evangelists" and the free-lance artists like Aimee Semple MacPherson, "Elijah" Dowie and the more flamboyant minor prophets, who usually come to a city to denounce the local ministry rather than to aid it.

THE PROFESSIONAL revivalist considers himself an efficient expert for run-down churches; he depends upon them for support, but he also tells them how to manage their business. Graham has said that he came to New York because "Ministers have been discouraged and frustrated. . . . In talking with many of them we found almost a sense of desperation. Ministers who could not agree with us theologically . . . are willing to cooperate simply because there seems to be nothing else in sight. . . ." This is reminiscent of the minister who, having cooperated with a Sunday campaign, told a reporter, "Why, my dear sir, the man has trampled all over me and my theology. He has kicked my teachings up and down that platform like a football. He has outraged every ideal I have had regarding my sacred profession. But what does that count against the results he has accomplished? My congregation will be increased by hundreds." Of course, his congregation was not increased by hundreds, and neither, probably, will that of any minister in New York in 1957, but the carrot hangs enticingly. For most ministers the fact that Graham's organization seems to produce statistical results glosses over all their objections.

Having attained the cooperation of the majority of the churches in a city (at this writing, Graham claims to have the cooperation of almost 1,500 of the 2,000 Protestant churches in the New York area for his current appearance; Billy Sunday had an equal proportion for his New York crusade, though the term "cooperating church" is subject to

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generous interpretations by all evangelists), the advance man and the publicity manager set up revival headquarters six months to a year in advance and begin to organize.

FIRST, there are the committees to be formed: finance, publicity, ushers, music, personal workers, prayer meeting, young people's, etc. Like Billy Sunday, Graham has the executive committee of each city where he is to appear incorporate itself according to state law. This frees any individual from bearing financial culpability should the revival go into bankruptcy; it also makes donations legally tax-deductible. These local crusade corporations, with the aid and advice of the advance man, estimate the cost of the revival and then seek to raise as much money in advance as possible. Sunday used to call this the "guarantee fund"; he almost always succeeded in raising enough money through collections at his meetings to pay back those who advanced the guarantee. But Graham's meetings are so expensive that the money donated before the crusade is an outright gift. In small cities, the advance gifts plus the collections can make Graham's revivals self-supporting; but in New York, as in London, even this combination is not enough; additional money has to be solicited. Only one-quarter of the estimated million dollars needed for the New York appearance will be raised in Madison Square Garden; the rest will be donated, either as advance gifts or in some other form, by individuals, foundations and corporations (and no doubt the latter will have available to them the services of Graham's factory and shop-meeting specialist, who is reported to have done wonders throughout the South in improving relations between labor and management). At the conclusion of every campaign, Graham again follows Billy Sunday's precedent by having the local committee make public an audited account of all financial transactions.

Before, during and after each revival, Graham's organization, like Sunday's, revels in statistics. Statistics make headlines and seem to give a practical, businesslike tone to spiritual affairs. (Moody, however, refused to keep statistics; he would be horrified that Graham's organization keeps a file of all the "decisions" attributable to Graham's work.) The Sunday party reported after the New York campaign of 1917 that 90,000 persons attended 7,032 home-prayer meetings; 1,500 personal workers were hand-picked from the 3,000 persons who took the six-week personal worker's training course conducted by a Sunday specialist prior to the campaign; 2,000 ushers handled the crowd; 1,100 "secretaries" took down the trail-hitters' names on "decision cards"; fifty-seven new men's Bible classes were started in cooperating churches by Sunday's Bible-class experts; 187 prayer meetings and services were held in factories and on street corners by Sunday's "Director of Men's Work" and his assistants; 6,700 persons volunteered for the choirs (divided into three groups of about 2,000 each to sing in turns at the meetings). The total attendance figure was put at 1,250,000. The total cost of the campaign was $320,000, and at the 138 meetings an average of 1,400 persons a day came forward to signify what Sunday called their decision "to stand on the Lord's side."

Billy Graham's organization will make a similar attempt to impress the public with such statistics (though they will probably not equal Sunday's record for "conversions"); for weeks, Graham's publicity has been describing the thousands of cottage-prayer meetings being held around the world, and the thousands of "prayer partners" who kept in touch with the revival by Graham's weekly radio program and mailing list.

IT IS ONLY in the use of modern technology that Graham has really added anything new to the techniques of mass evangelism. He uses a lapel microphone in the pulpit; Sunday had to shout and act out his sermons so that 20,000 persons could understand him. Graham and his team conduct daily radio and television programs to supplement newspaper publicity and mail and telephone activities. Closed-circuit television carries Graham's meetings to other auditoriums in the city. And Graham has even organized a motion picture company to make technicolor movies in which he stars; these he circulates across the country as a means of advertising his product. As in past crusades, elaborate plans have been made to film the New York show.

Most of Graham's activities, like his Hour of Decision weekly broadcast (but not his crusades), are managed from Graham's two permanent headquarters in Minneapolis and Washington, which have a combined staff of over 125 and an annual budget of more than $2,000,000. Graham is on the board of directors of the Billy Graham Evangelistic Film Corporation and the Grason Corporation, which handles the publication and sale of hymnals, sheet music and phonograph records for the Graham organization.

THE USE of radio, TV and movies aids Graham materially in producing out-of-town visitors for his meetings. And he has copied precisely Sunday's system of arranging specially chartered trains and buses so that old friends and converts from other cities can come to the meetings, where large chunks of the seating capacity are reserved for them in advance. For every night of the New York crusade, 7,500 seats have been reserved in Madison Square Garden for out-of-town delegations. It seems somewhat inconsistent for Graham to claim that he is coming to New York to save its non-church-going population and at the same time to urge his radio and newspaper audience in the South and Midwest to "take your vacation in New York next summer and spend time in the crusade." If the crusade extends through July and August, as Graham hopes it will, it will be largely because of this out-of-town support. (The crusade committee has an option on Madison Square Garden until October 15.)

Graham differs from Sunday, however, in the way in which he provides for his own compensation. Sunday was paid by the traditional "free-will" offering donated by his

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tabernacle audiences on the last day of the revival (often supplemented by outside solicitations); in New York, this amounted to $120,000 (which Sunday donated in a lump sum to the Red Cross and YMCA). Graham follows more closely a system which D. L. Moody evolved for handling the immense income from the Gospel Hymnbooks of his co-worker, Ira D. Sankey. Moody erected a trust fund for this money, which went entirely to support his schools at Northfield and Mt. Hermon. (Moody's personal compensation for each revival was quietly collected among his wealthy lay supporters and slipped to him in an envelope as he left the city. Graham, after using Sunday's "free-will" offering technique for a few years, became embarrassed by it and created the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association, Inc., of which he is president (his wife and three of his associates are on the board of directors). This corporation receives the $2,000,000 which is donated annually by his radio listeners and others interested in supporting his work. Out of this, Graham pays himself a salary of $15,000 a year and also the salaries of some of his team and of the clerical staff which runs his headquarters. Most of the income goes to pay for his radio program at $30,000 a week. Although Graham gets no compensation from local sponsors of his crusades, he obtains of course a sizeable income from his books, articles and syndicated newspaper column.

GRAHAM emphasizes the fact that he differs from Sunday in the manner in which he secures "decisions for Christ." Sunday did not use the inquiry-room method which Finney and Moody found so helpful and which Graham uses; and Sunday did not, Graham claims, provide for adequate follow-up of the "decisions" after the meetings ended. But although Sunday did not have a special room for the purpose, the counselling was done just the same—right in the tabernacle after the sermon had ended and the crowd dispersed. Like Graham's counsellors, Sunday's corps of specially trained "personal workers" buttonholed everyone who had come forward at the evangelist's invitation, took his name, address and church preference on a "decision card," and offered to settle any problems in the trail-hitter's mind by quoting the same Biblical texts which Graham's counsellors quote. (Moody used to do a great deal of the inquiry work himself; Sunday left this to his helpers, and so does Graham.)

Graham, like Sunday, turns the "decision cards" over to the co-operating ministers, who are instructed on the methods of following up these "prospects" to insure that they become church members. Graham has added the idea of sending each "inquirer" a "personal-looking" letter within thirty-six hours of the inquirer's "decision." And he has his follow-up expert maintain a headquarters in each city for six months after the crusade—at an estimated cost of $40,000, which must be borne by the local committee—in order to see that the local ministers persist in their attempts to gather the harvest. But this merely amounts to pressuring the ministers to do the follow-up while Graham's specialist merely provides form letters and standardized Bible memory courses which are mailed to inquirers. Sunday's counsellors gave each trail-hitter a booklet entitled *What It Means to Be a Christian* and then left it up to the local ministerial association to proceed as it thought best in promoting the opportunities Sunday had created for church-membership drives. That Graham's method is any more effective than Sunday's is dubious, and it is going to cost the ministers of New York $40,000 to have the pressure put on them. If the local ministers are conscientious, they will win some new members; if not, form letters and a follow-up expert will do little good.

Training of Spiritual Counsellors

"Their instruction not only includes the paramount business of 'spiritual nurture' but reaches to such delicate personal matters as the advisability of deodorants and having handy, for use just before the call for decisions is made, a few mint lozenges."
Stanley High, *Billy Graham* (p. 234).

Billy Graham's Appeal

"Mike Nolan, an 18-year-old shop assistant in North-West London, said: 'I went to see Billy Graham and enjoyed it. He put a lot of life in it. He seemed to make it more worth having, and entertaining.

" 'I wouldn't mind going to church if he was there because he is a showman.' "

Reynolds News, March 17, 1957

GRAHAM, like Sunday, has had to admit that from 40 to 75 per cent of all "decisions" are made by persons who are already members of cooperating churches. Graham's statistics also reveal that most of the others are church-goers or, at one time or another, have been church members. Of the comparatively small number of "decisions" made by persons who were indifferent to religion before hearing Graham, only a small number do more than promise to attend some church and to "consider" joining. The follow-up reports given to the press six months or a year afterward always fail to distinguish between the religious activities of rejuvenated church members, who are the real "converts" of the meetings, and the lack of activity among non-church-goers, who made a "decision" at the height of the excitement but have done nothing since.

However, if among the converts there is a single former Communist, Socialist, liberal, fellow-traveller or gangster, the public will hear so much about it that the whole crusade will be termed worth the one recovered sheep. And the occasional actor, actress, TV star, politician or sports hero who remembers his or her childhood religion and falls into the Graham spotlight will also serve to distract attention from the relative inefficiency of the revival in terms of new church members for the "discouraged and frustrated" ministers who have again followed the old will o' the wisp of mass evangelism. The angels may rejoice at the thought of one sinner saved, but this will not do much to increase the membership of 1,500 urban churches. (Indicative of just how anxious Graham is to convert a

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Broadway actor or actress, he has hired a new specialist for the New York crusade who is referred to as the team's "theatrical contact.")

Obviously Graham is as efficient technically as Billy Sunday, and has profited by following in his footsteps. But technical efficiency alone does not explain or create revivals; it is necessary to understand why the message which he preaches seems to strike a responsive chord in contemporary America. It is in this regard that Graham really differs from Sunday—although this, oddly enough, is the one ground on which he is willing to associate himself with his famous predecessor. As far as Graham is concerned, he and Sunday both preach the same old-time religion. But there is no doubt that "the old-time religion" as preached by Billy Graham today differs considerably from "the old-time religion" as preached by Billy Sunday in the 1900-1925 era.

THIS, however, should not obscure the many striking similarities between the two revivalists. For Graham and Sunday not only use the same promotional techniques, but they also share many intellectual ideas and pulpit methods. For instance, it is assumed by many that the basic difference between Graham and Sunday is that while the latter was a sensational preacher who irreverently mixed humor and hell-fire, indulged in grandiloquence and sentimentality, used slang and commercialism and generally reduced evangelism to an emotional orgy, Graham has restored dignity, propriety and earnestness to the profession by eschewing all of Sunday's excesses and preaching a straightforward, reverent gospel message. One of Graham's official publications, for example, claims that "his message is simple," there is "a noticeable absence of flowery phrases, tear-jerking stories and other tricks. . . ." And yet anyone who listens to Graham's sermons regularly will hear stories about the weeping redemption of lost sinners or the trials and tribulations of long-suffering mothers and repentant drinking fathers. Even Graham's printed sermon on the Resurrection mixes joy and tears in the fashion made traditional by evangelists:

> One of these mornings we're going to have a great glorious Resurrection. You remember old Dad? Think of him when he went home to be with the Lord. See him with tears coursing down his cheeks as his trembling hand gripped yours and he said "Good-by." Remember mother, dear sweet mother, that used to sit in the rocking chair and rock you, the mother whom you loved, who prayed for a boy, a girl. Remember Mom; when you laid her away you thought your heart would break. Remember that loved one you laid away?

Nor can Graham avoid the use of humor to release the emotional tension which his taut voice and staccato delivery so deftly build up. He has even quoted Sunday on occasion for this purpose: "Billy Sunday, the famous evangelist, once said, 'If you want to lick the devil, hit him over the head with the cradle.'" Or, the admonition to the smug unconverted church-goer who assumes he is a Christian merely because he was brought up in a religious home: "Just because you were born in a garage, does that make you an automobile?" That, too, is one of Sunday's jokes. Graham goes even further in imitating Sunday's humor by the manner in which he re-tells Biblical stories in modern slang. He describes the prophet Amos as a "hill-billy preacher" and says that the unfaithful of Noah's day thought of him as "an old crazy fellow" with "a screw loose somewhere."

IN 1915, the president of Princeton University refused to let Billy Sunday speak on the campus, charging that the evangelist had virtually committed sacrilege by his commercialized method of selling religion. But Billy Graham, who was welcomed to the Princeton campus in 1955, compares evangelism to selling soap and describes salvation as "the greatest product in the world." Like Sunday, he calls upon the prophets and apostles for approval of his techniques: "I imagine that if Paul can look down here he is champing at the bit. How he would like to be on television! How he would like to have a radio hour. . . ."

Graham indulges emotionally in the same type of flag-waving oratory that made Sunday as popular as George M. Cohan in World War I. Sunday shouted to his audiences, "We are citizens of the greatest government on earth, and we will admit it." Graham, for all his travels in Europe and Asia, echoes Sunday's chauvinism when he says, "In spite of all the corruption, crime and moral degeneration, this is still the greatest country in all the world." Patriotism, like sentiment and humor, are an integral part of revivalism, and Graham uses every possible opportunity to tap the emotional barrel of national loyalty for the cause of his "crusades." The inevitable result is that Graham, like Sunday, tends to lump together the fate of Christianity, world civilization, democracy, America and laissez-faire capitalism. In short, for Graham as for Sunday, "the American way" becomes the Christian way, God's way, for the whole of mankind.

Since 1949, when Graham first came to fame in the midst of the cold war, he has denounced "commies" and "pinks" at home and abroad just as Billy Sunday denounced "the Bolsheviki" and the "Reds." Graham sees nothing wrong with McCarthyism any more than Sunday saw anything wrong with the Palmer raids. "I thank God,"

Which Billy Graham Do You Read?

"Too many of us, I fear, feel that America is immune from God's judgment . . . that we remain a kind of 'God's Chosen People.' This of course is not true. God actually has no international pets."

Newsweek, December 27, 1954

"America cannot survive, she cannot fulfill her divine purpose, she cannot carry out her God-appointed mission without the spiritual emphasis which was hers from the outset. . . . We were created for a spiritual mission among the nations."

Billy Graham sermon, "The Revival We Need"

"Can anyone explain the miracle of America without mentioning the power, the guidance, and the grace of God?"

Billy Graham sermon, "Spiritual Inventory"

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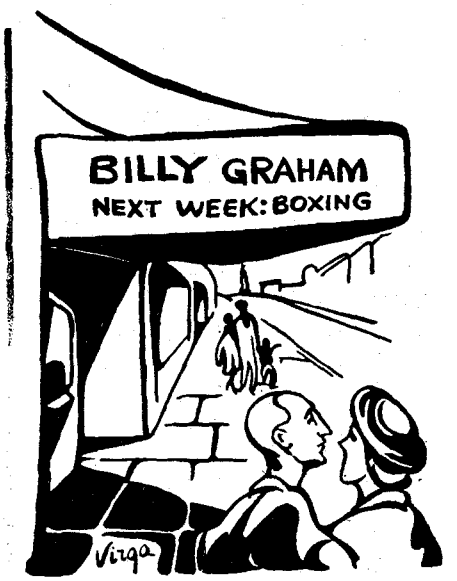
Graham said of Congressional investigations of communism in the government and the schools, "for men who in the face of public denouncement and ridicule go loyally on in their work of exposing the pinks, the lavenders and the Reds who have sought refuge beneath the wings of the American eagle. . . ." And like Sunday, Graham believes that un-American ideals have permeated the nation's educational system. "Today," says Graham, "you can stick a public school and university in the middle of every block of every city in America and you will never keep America from rotting morally by mere intellectual education." Unless the Bible is taught in the schools, and unless a revival is felt through the nation, America and Christianity are doomed.

To Billy Graham the Bible is an American book. In a sermon entitled "Our Bible," he says, "It is the Book which contains the slogans of our American freedom." And in his sermon, "Christ's Marching Orders," he writes, "It is the gospel of Jesus Christ that made America great. That is the heart and core of American democracy." From this assumption, with which Sunday heartily agreed, Graham takes the next logical step and concludes that laissez-faire capitalism is also found in the Bible. He refers to "the rugged individualism that Christ brought" and advertises his technicolor "Christian" movie "Oiltown, U. S. A." as ". . . the story of Houston—the story of the free enterprise of America—the story of the development and use of God-given natural resources by men who built a great new empire."

IN HIS sermon, "Partners with God," Graham assures his followers that "Business with God is a business in which God supplies the capital and you supply the labor. He furnishes the wisdom, the power, and the wherewithal, and you furnish your humble service." This sounds strangely similar to the religion of self-assurance preached by Norman Vincent Peale. In the same sermon, Graham states that any man who is willing to get in tune with God and be his partner by tithing his income is certain to be a success not only socially but financially: "I know a man in the South that started tithing. His salary is now nearly double what it was before he began tithing. . . . You cannot get around it, the Scripture promises material and spiritual benefits to the man who gives to God."

WHAT is it, then, that differentiates Graham's message from that of Billy Sunday? A clue to the answer can be found in the fact that the favorite gospel song of Sunday's revivals was "Brighten the Corner Where You Are," while one of the favorites at Graham's meetings is "My Hope Is in the Lord." This is



not exactly a difference between optimism and pessimism, for Graham is optimistic about man's ability to get God on his side. It is rather a difference between an era of progressive reform and an era which likes to call itself "the age of anxiety," between a religion oriented toward this world and one oriented toward the next.

Billy Sunday, for all his conservative orthodoxy (and as a fundamentalist he believed as sincerely as Graham in the sinful nature of man), insisted that "in order to be not only good, but good for something, a man must get into the world." He told his trail-hitters to "take a stand, get in the game." Sunday was no muckraking radical, and he denounced the social gospelers of his day as loudly as Graham, but he also believed that a truly converted man should be "a fighting saint," not a prayer-meeting addict. According to Sunday, the "Social and political and economic conditions" of the time "demanded" saints who would not only "go on the warpath for purity, sobriety, and righteousness" but also "take up the cudgels for reforms in civic and social life."

Graham, however, is unwilling to lead his converts in any constructive social effort to improve conditions by "mere human activity." And he is preaching the doctrine of the Second Coming with a fervency that has not been heard since the Millerite days. He has noted "the signs of the times" as revealed in the Bible, and he insists that "we are living in the latter days. I sincerely believe that the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." For all his chauvinism, Graham is a man of little faith in the future of his country: "I am deadly serious when I say that our country is falling apart at the seams right now." The only thing that can save America is a spiritual revival—such as may start with the New York crusade. "To evangelize . . . is the world's last hope of survival."

Reinhold Niebuhr has asked why Graham does not commit himself to some of the problems facing the nation, such as the abolition of segregation. But Graham's answer to all such questions is that they can only be solved by supernatural aid. Only Christ can solve the Negro question, the labor problem, the Communist threat. All human reform must be subservient to revivalism, for only by evangelizing can man propitiate an angry God already poised to strike.

GRAHAM has no use for despairing men and women who turn to sleeping pills, alcohol or tranquillizers to avoid the problems they cannot solve. Yet his own words clearly indicate that he is in the same state of mind as those whom he abuses: "Today the problem is one of survival. The world is sick nigh unto death. Some miracle drug must be found. Good works and moral reform are not enough. The only miracle drug that can heal the world

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is the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ." He revealed with startling clarity and frankness the attitude which he takes toward the current revival of religion in America in an interview in *U. S. News and World Report* (August 27, 1954), when he said:

> The human mind cannot cope with the problems that we are wrestling with today. And when our intellectuals begin to admit that they don't know the answer, and that fact reaches the masses on the street, then they are going to turn somewhere. They will turn to all sorts of escapism. Some will turn to alcohol. Others will turn to religion. . . .

This is not "the old-time religion" of Billy Sunday's day. The popularity which Graham's revivalism has given to religious escapism among middle-class church-goers is something new in America. It may be questioned, however, whether Americans are really as disillusioned and despairing as Graham seems to think.

The average duration of a period of revivalistic fervor in the past has been about ten years. If history is any guide, Graham's popularity has about two more years to run.

PRISONS BREED CRIME . . *by E. R. Cass*

A THOUSAND shouting inmates in a fortress-like state institution suddenly overwhelm their guards, seize hostages, wreck the interior, set fires everywhere. Tear gas, the state militia, virtual warfare: another major prison riot has broken out.

Close to a hundred riots and serious disturbances have swept the nation's prisons from 1950 through 1956 — more than a dozen a year, on the average. Hundreds of officials and inmates have been wounded or slain; whole communities have been terrorized. Property destruction within prisons is estimated at more than $10,000,000. The great Missouri penitentiary riot of 1954 cost $5,000,000, not counting the blood that was spilled.

Since 1950, a major prison uprising has occurred at least once in each of two-thirds of the states of the union.

What causes these riots? Even more important, what is the basic cause of the wholesale failure of our prison system to reform and to rehabilitate? This failure has been dramatized by the Prison Association of New York:

> Two-thirds of the 175,000 offenders in federal or state prisons today have gone *unchanged* through not only one but often two, three or more incarcerations.

Or, to put it another way, there is an habitual, roving criminal group in the United States, estimated recently by the Federal Bureau of Investigation to number 3,000,000, *which our penal system is doing nothing to reduce.* Moreover, these same prisons, which now are failing in the job of reformation, will ultimately receive 60 per cent of the estimated 1,000,000 juvenile delinquents now in the country — receive them and discharge them, in most instances, as greater menaces to society than when they entered.

THE FACT is that our penal institutions today are being operated under eighteenth-century concepts of "custody and punishment." Riots and the failure to rehabilitate are the symptoms of an outworn penal philosophy and antiquated methods of handling prisoners. These primitive practices, in turn, reflect deep-seated beliefs held by the American public on the way to treat criminals.

"Pack 'em in and keep 'em in!" This popular myth is reflected in the growth of prisons of mammoth size: 6,000 inmates in the State Prison of Southern Michigan, 5,000 in San Quentin, 4,000 in Joliet. Most experts agree that institutions of this size are penological and administrative monstrosities. The buildings themselves are old: 89 per cent of all state prisons in the country are fifty years old or more. While some prisons are well run from a physical standpoint, many are not only overcrowded but unsanitary, constitute dangerous fire hazards and are manned by underpaid and incompetent personnel.

The prisoners are "packed in," all right. Hardened criminals are mingled indiscriminately with first offenders; the vicious, diseased, perverted and mentally ill with youthful unfortunates, barely out of the adolescent state, who could in many instances easily be "cured" with proper penological treatment.

Such conditions are strong provocations to resentment and rebellion, and militate against any chance for rehabilitation.

"Treat 'em rough! They knew what they were doing!" There's a second popular fallacy. Brutality is the chief weapon of an undermanned, incompetent prison staff. It leads to nothing but more trouble. Surveys show brutal handling of prisoners lists high among the complaints that have led to every one of the major prison outbreaks in the last decade. So do bad food, favoritism, the system of "isolating" the recalcitrant prisoner, the "sale" of pardons, the misuse of parole.

I am not trying to say that prison administrators and their staffs are by nature inhuman. They are altogether too human. They take to the easiest way — the beatings and the isolation cell. Nor are they immune to political meddling. The traditional use of prisons for patronage purposes is often responsible for the appointment of misfit employees who, in turn, are responsible for bad food and — from the viewpoint of the prisoner, perhaps the worst of all "crimes" — the mishandling of the parole system.

E. R. CASS is general secretary of The Prison Association of New York.

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The answer to prison riots and to the problem of rehabilitation lies in a sweeping program of correctional reform of our penal system. The Prison Association of New York has advanced the following ten points as essential to such reform:

Old Structures Must Go. States must institute new building programs to replace century-old structures, with smaller units prevailing.

Increased Efficiency. Better paid, better trained personnel, operating under civil-service standards and completely removed from politics, is an urgent need.

Proper Screening and Classification. Reception Centers in each state must be instituted as a general practice, providing for the processing and classification of prisoners immediately upon commitment, thus paving the way to effective, intelligent treatment.

Adequate Separation. There must be designation of prisons for the handling of diverse types of criminals, especially the youthful offender.

Introduction of Treatment Programs. Rehabilitation programs under expert guidance should be established, including medical and psychiatric diagnosis and treatment, inmate counselling and guidance, and educational and avocational courses.

Provision of Jobs. Correctional industries, providing not only vocational training but the payment of reasonable wages as well, are an urgent need. The present embargoes that prevent many prisons today from manufacturing goods should be lifted. Our prisons, now costly tax burdens, could become self-supporting; could even be run profitably.

Wider Use of Probation. Probation could be far more widely used than at present if probation systems were overhauled and probation officers made available with sufficient competence to be trusted by judges.

Expansion of Parole. Parole is one of the safest and most effective ways we have to undertake reformation. One-third of the country's prisoners have been committed for minor infractions. Lee B. Mailler, chairman of New York State Board of Parole, points out that it costs $165 a year to supervise and assist a parolee as contrasted with $1,600 to keep a man in prison and $4,000 in a reformatory.

Revision of Antiquated Laws. Archaic and obsolete laws often hamstring many state Departments of Correction, and tie the hands of correctional commissions. Existing laws should be brought in line with the best correctional standards.

State Programs of Public Information. To combat public ignorance regarding prisons and correctional progress, every state should establish an office of public information concerning its penal institutions.

With the adoption of such a program, there is hope that out of our persistent prison disturbances, out of the widespread failure of our penal institutions to serve as correctional institutions, the American public will be shaken into taking a good, hard look at its prisons. It may then demand that these institutions, which cost a quarter-billion dollars a year to run, function as genuine rehabilitative instruments rather than as costly punitive and custodial failures.

Leading individuals in every community across the land must initiate the reforms. If local prison conditions are unsatisfactory, local newspapers, churches, women's groups, fraternal, civic and business organizations must be roused to action. On state levels, state-wide counterparts of local committees should be formed. In half the states, there exist privately administered correctional agencies or prison associations whose effectiveness could be augmented by the backing and membership of large numbers of citizens.

Legislative purse strings must be loosened if reforms are to be accomplished. Here is an investment which can return handsome dividends, not only in terms of society's physical safety and moral improvement but also in a financial sense. Today crime costs society directly $15 to $20 billions a year in terms of losses, an additional $2 billions for the administration of criminal justice, and a quarter-billion for the operation of our prisons. Reform would be infinitely cheaper by comparison.

Common Market: the American Stake

by William L. Rivers

WITH THE European Common Market apparently only a short step from hard reality, it's time for business men to realize that this plan for a six-nation customs union may have a profound effect on the American economy—and long past time for the rest of us to mark changes which are taking place in American business itself, changes which will be accelerated by the Common Market.

We applauded when France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, The Netherlands and Luxembourg signed the Common Market Treaty (ratification by the parliaments, still to come, is the last step) that will eventually establish one great free market for their 162,000,000 people, creating what is almost an economic United States of Europe. U.S. newspapers have been fast with the superlatives ("Europe's greatest step toward unity," "A point in history has been turned"), but there have been only a few thoroughgoing analyses of the development in the business press, and these have been more concerned with introducing the concept and predicting specific effects than with drawing guidelines for American business.

That the U.S. exporter will need to learn new ropes—and pick his

WILLIAM L. RIVERS, assistant professor at the University of Miami, was one of the U.S. delegates to the 1956 Conference on Problems of International Organizations at Oxford, England.

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way carefully along them—is obvious, for it may be that the most outstanding facet of the Common Market Treaty is its complexity. The goal is the creation of an area of six nations that will allow goods produced in any one of them to move freely among all, much as products travel over state lines without duty in the United States. Over the course of the fifteen-year period during which customs barriers are to be razed within the Common Market, some marginal businesses will die, but giant, mass-production industries and long-line distribution and sales branches will grow up, U.S.-size. In growing, they will provide sharper competition for goods from the United States.

Moreover, all six countries will establish a common tariff against products produced elsewhere. On its face, this is mass protectionism, and Donald F. Heatherington, head of the European Division of the U.S. National Foreign Trade Council, warned that "it is obvious that American exports will eventually be placed at a competitive disadvantage." And, with about 50 per cent of its revenues coming from abroad, the American film industry, through the Motion Picture Export Association, is disturbed—so disturbed that a recent issue of *Variety* carried a story on the Common Market, nearly three colums long, with the banner headline, FILMS: BYSTANDERS IN POLITICS.

IT IS NOT easy, however, for American business to form a common front against the Common Market (Harry Mallinson, president of Eli Lilly International of Indianapolis, was arguing for the proposal even as Heatherington was opposing it). In the process of arranging a single tariff for the six countries, some of the individual tariffs (notably those in France) will go down, even though others rise.

Basically, a common tariff will be established by taking an arithmetical average of the four separate tariffs that now exist: Italy, France and Germany have individual tariffs; the Benelux countries—The Netherlands, Belgium and Luxembourg—are already operating under a single one. Assuming that the Benelux duty on an item is 5 per cent, the German duty 10 per cent, the Italian 10 per cent and the French 15 per cent (which is the way tariffs usually run, with Benelux low, France high and Germany and Italy between), the arithmetical average would be 10 per cent and the Common Market duty rate would be fixed at that figure. On this particular item, the American trader who exports primarily to Benelux would suffer, the exporter to France would gain and the man who ships to Italy and Germany would be in the very same position as he was before.

If it were that simple for all products, exporters would have some idea, at least, of their standing. But the treaty is also hedged about with the inevitable compromises. In some few cases, raw materials may come in duty-free or at under-average rates (a concession to Benelux). On some goods there will be fixed maximums—probably 3 per cent on raw materials and 10 per cent on semi-finished products.

And to cushion the impact on individual business within the Common Market, still another formula has been devised, one that must seem to the U.S. exporter to be calculated only to confuse him and make planning impossible. When the rates for individual items have been determined, those members of the Common Market whose existing rates are more than 15 per cent above or below the average will have a considerable time in which to bring their rates into line. They will stage the changes this way: 30 per cent of the difference will be eliminated during the first four-year period, another 30 per cent during the second four years, and the last 40 per cent during a final four-year period. The exporter, however, can't even depend on this staged change, for under certain circumstances the length of each stage can be extended provided the entire period of adjustment does not run over fifteen years.

During this transitional period, European leaders will be able to determine by experience which businesses are being hit hardest by the Common Market and, through a special billion-dollar development fund and an assistance fund, help traditionally "protected" industries to learn to live in the cutting climate of competition. The details will be handled by an assembly of 142 members, a ministers' council of six, a supervisory commission of nine and a court to adjudicate disputes.

THIS COMPLEX of political and economic forces that will work on all who trade with Western Europe is more important now than it would have been ten years ago. U.S. exports to the six Common Market countries last year amounted to $3 billion, the peak of a trade curve that has been jet-rising since 1950. Exports to Belgium and Luxembourg were about $85 million higher in 1956 than in 1955; in the same period, our exports to France rose $160 million; to Western Germany, more than $130 million; to Italy, $140 million; to The Netherlands, about $60 million. Europe, almost always a good market for us, has been particularly good in recent years, and the prospects were that it would continue to offer expanded foreign-trade opportunities. But what will happen now with the Common Market?

In the rarefied circles where the business-statesmen move, the consensus is optimistic. If the Common Market, or any other plan, will steel-gird the foundations of the Western European economy, a better market for U.S. goods than existed before can be developed by U.S. business ingenuity. In 1955, the combined Gross National Product of the six Common Market countries was only $108 billion, compared with the $400 billion G.N.P. of the United States. Raise the productive capacity, increase the consumption potential—and the market for U.S. goods increases.

This somewhat immodest viewpoint overlooks a significant factor: for the first time, a comparable area in Western Europe will be able to wage a peacetime mass-production war with the United States on something like even terms. The Common Market will make it possible for the industrialists of the member countries (whose combined population

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is almost U.S.-size and whose demands, as consumers, are certainly similar) to aim at a free market that, heretofore, they have visualized only in their wildest dreams. Their transit problem, at most, will range up to a few hundred miles, while U.S. exporters must ship across an ocean; they will enjoy the protection of a unified tariff, while the foreign traders are paying it.

Furthermore, there is a proposal for Free Trade Europe, which could involve as many as ten other nations in a grouping attached to the Common Market on a limited basis. Specified products would then move duty-free over most of the continent, the market potential would range toward 300,000,000 people—and the emphasis on "Buy Europe" could be overwhelming.

Isn't it at least conceivable that American know-how would lose in this mass-production contest? Whatever the answer, it is not likely that many of the biggest U.S. businesses will even wait for the question. For there is a detour around the problem which has already been explored.

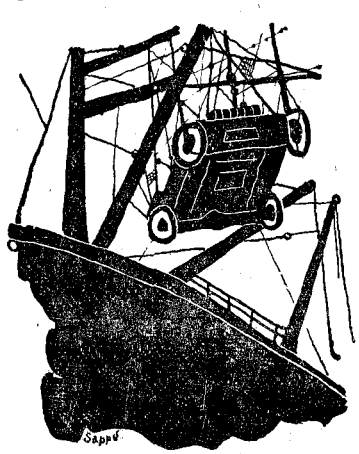
Clarence Siegel, deputy director of the European Division of the U.S. Bureau of Foreign Commerce, identified the detour when he suggested: "The creation of an effective free-trade area in Europe should broaden the opportunities for profitable investment." Since 1946, U.S. private investment throughout the world has been leaping ahead, reaching $30 billion last year. The total for Western Europe and its dependencies, which includes both Common Market and Free Trade countries, is about $4 billion. Among the more striking totals are those in the six Common Market countries since 1950. From that year until 1955, American investment in the area has nearly doubled. And as the Common Market began to take shape last year, still more American money rushed overseas, easily making the total investment figure twice that of 1950.

France and Germany have been the leading investment targets, but every Common Market country gained. U.S. investors had nearly $218 million in France in 1950; by 1955, the total was $378 million. In Germany, the figure moved from $204 million to $330 million in these five years. In the same period, the percentage increase in Italy was nearly 150 per cent (from $63 million to $154 million); in Belgium, from $65 million to $133 million; in The Netherlands, from $84 million to $159 million.

Moreover, the total investment in the six countries—probably $1.4 billion by now—represents only book values. The actual value is not far from $3 billion.

These investments are more valuable than the word "diversification" —a favored word in this connection —suggests. While domestic profits in the United States were moving up 30 per cent from the low mark in 1952 to the high point in 1955, profits earned abroad by U.S. companies were up 60 per cent. More significantly, while domestic profits were dropping 2 per cent during the 1953-54 recession, foreign profits increased 9 per cent, indicating that overseas investments are often recession-proof.

THIS TREND toward investment abroad will become heavier as the Common Market and the Free Trade Area move through the parliaments of the member countries. Faced with certain confusion and a probable decline in trade with Europe, U.S. companies have already indicated that they will build a bigger capital stake on the inside, almost as though they were following that elementary strategic axiom: if you can't beat 'em, join 'em. And since the administrators of the Common Market will eventually have the power to establish a common foreign commercial policy—one that might restrict foreign investment—U.S. businesses would do well to join 'em early.



WITH FEW exceptions, the European investment picture is now brighter than ever. Only in France, once the most profitable of all Western European nations for American enterprise, has the investment flow trickled in recent months, largely because of the turbulent tax and royalty systems. Harold Swenson, chief representative in Germany of the National City Bank of New York, said: "For security, I'd put my money in Germany—next to the U.S.A. Americans look all over Europe to locate a plant or engage in business operations and they end up in Germany, with The Netherlands second."

West Germany, beckoning foreign capital with both hands, cut corporate taxes from 60 to 45 per cent in 1945, the largest single postwar tax cut in the world, and has taken a number of other friendly steps to establish industrial leadership of the so-called concert of Europe. The Netherlands is attractive primarily because of liberal depreciation allowances. Belgium gives substantial subsidies for construction of new industries. Even Italy, whose blueprints for foreign investment were smeared regularly by dissident government factions, has opened up, in part through licensing arrangements and in part through such unusual deals as the one made with Alsco, Inc., of Akron, Ohio. Alsco S.P.A., an affiliate, was loaned $320,000 by Cassa del Mezzogiorno, the $2.1 billion development fund for Southern Italy, to build an aluminum fabricating plant near Naples. In addition to the ten-year loan, it can import U.S. equipment duty-free and pay no taxes on profits for several years. The special concession was due to the fact that the company had consented to build its plant in poverty-stricken southern Italy.

Considering the lures held out by expansion-conscious Europe, it is not surprising that U.S. firms take advantage of them. And with the Common Market threatening to build

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an economic Third Force, investors, almost defensively, will develop a larger capital stake and stronger production elements on the continent.

Barely two weeks after the signing of the Common Market Treaty, a syndicate of American investment houses took over, and began selling, $35 million in securities of the High Authority of the European Coal and Steel Community, the only supranational grouping that now links The Six. Neither the syndicate nor the prospective buyers—institutional investors and commercial banking institutions—go into such transactions lightly.

From this beginning, subtler developments will evolve; some of them are already in motion. Business thinking about the role of the United States in world affairs has changed perceptibly since World War II (among the more influential spokesmen for freer trade during the 1955 debates were, of all people, Clarence Randall and Charles Taft). At least part of this business-statesmanship can be charged up to humanitarianism and the realization that the Twentieth Century is upon us, but the big and growing U.S. investment complex overseas was certainly taken into consideration. A larger capital share of foreign business may not make One-Worlders of NAM directors, but it is a stimulus to thought.

The prospect when the Common Market is established: more and more investment in Europe—and more and more business-statesmen.

TWILIGHT on the LEFT . . *by Robert Claiborne*

"SO YOU go out on a Sunday morning with the *Daily Worker*. Knock on a door, say you're selling a labor paper, they open up. When they see the name, you can hardly give it away. Say you're from the Communist Party and they probably don't even open the door." My friend, a still-young man of forty, paused for a sip of beer. "In my party section we have 160 on the books. Seventy pay dues, maybe a couple of dozen come to meetings; we sit around and argue about Hungary and Leninism. What the hell else is there to do?"

The speaker, a delegate to the Communist Party's recent New York state and national conventions, was explaining why, after twenty-one years in the party, he and his wife had left it. He does not believe his life has been wasted. He retains respect and affection for friends still in the party, though he believes they will eventually leave as he did. Recent events in the Soviet world, many of which he had ruefully expected, have not shaken his belief in socialism, for which he will continue to work. But he is convinced that the Communist Party as an organization has no future in American life — a conviction shared by most of the thousands who have quit the party in the past year. Nominal membership has dropped from more than 20,000 a year ago to less than 10,000 today—of whom perhaps half are active.

The inconclusive conclusions of the party's recent convention, whatever comfort they may bring to anti-Stalinist Communists in other countries, are too little and too late for my friend and thousands like him. True, defying public intervention from Moscow, the convention voted that in the future it would "interpret" Marxism-Leninism to suit itself. It strengthened the influence of John Gates's heretical "new look" group on the party's National Committee, where the diehards, led by William Z. Foster, remain a small minority. Apparently the party has even broken with the monolithic, bureaucratic centralism which played so large a part in its downfall; its new constitution, unlike that of any other Communist group, legitimizes dissent within its ranks.

But while it is clear that a majority of Communists want independence from Moscow, it is equally clear that only a minority yet understand what must be done to achieve it. Gates was able to carry the principle of independence only by evading its substance: the two immediate issues — Hungary and Soviet anti-Semitism — which have done most to shatter the party were by almost unanimous consent not even brought to the floor; debate on them would probably have brought a split then and there.

Having hesitantly rejected Moscow's leadership, the party has evolved no clear line of its own. No one to whom I have spoken, in or out of the organization, believes that the deep divisions between the Gates and Foster groups can be more than temporarily bridged by Eugene Dennis' "Centrists." The new "right of dissent" will be of use primarily to the old-guard who so long and so ruthlessly fought it; most of the men and women of independent mind who might have led a regeneration have quit or been driven out. Above all, the party is approaching numerical insignificance; of the more than half-million Americans who have passed through its ranks, little more than one in a hundred remains.

Assuming there is a place for a Socialist organization in American politics today, it is hard to see how the Communist Party, legally harassed, ideologically split and politically isolated, can aspire to fill it. By all the signs, the organization which for nearly twenty years dominated the American Left is now washed up.

If radicalism has anything to contribute to America — and, on the record, it has contributed a great deal — it is worth examining why

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the only significant radical organization in America of our time rose and fell.

IN 1929 the Communist Party was an isolated sect of some 9,000 members, most of them foreign-born. Fifteen years later it had grown to an influential movement of nearly 90,000. Thirteen years later still, it has become again an isolated sect. The obvious explanation of this rise and fall — the Depression and the Soviet alliance on the one hand, prosperity, Stalinism and the cold war on the other — is not altogether satisfactory. Of all the radical groups existing in 1929, only the Communists grew significantly during the depression and war years; the Socialist Party nearly disappeared during the same period. Likewise, the years of Communist decline, though they produced no effective competitor, saw the appearance of independent Socialist publications such as the *Monthly Review* and the *American Socialist*, whose influence rose as the party's sank.

Communist successes during the party's years of grace were no mere by-product of the *Zeitgeist*. Like other radical groups, the party possessed energy and courage beyond its numbers; unlike them, it managed in the early thirties to break away from preoccupation with sterile polemics and take advantage of the political vacuum which the economic crisis had created. Depression and fascism were the central facts of life between 1930 and 1945; it was the Communists who proved best equipped to hammer home their significance to Americans and organize action to combat them.

It is hard to remember that in 1930 unemployment insurance was considered "un-American" by nearly all our national leaders, including the upper echelons of labor. It is harder still to remember that it was the Communists who, in those years of the locust, organized around this issue hundreds of thousands of unemployed willing to follow anyone who promised some way out.

As crisis gave way to Depression, "Don't Starve—Fight!" gave way to "Get Wise—Organize!" Although the 1933-34 attempt to organize the mass-production industries, largely Communist-led, failed, it laid the foundations of the C.I.O., whose success was partly due to the help — mostly unpaid and unrecognized — of hundreds of party members.

The loyalty-board characterization of Communists as "prematurely and excessively anti-fascist" was well earned. In an America largely provincial and isolationist, when Mr. Dulles among others was deploring hostility toward Hitler, they labored unceasingly to convince their countrymen that peace and democracy were indivisible. The picketing of Bund meetings and the lisle stockings of the Japanese boycott were naive and sometimes amusing facets of this anti-Fascist agitation. The ambulances, medical supplies and volunteers sent to Spain, the 1,200 Americans — mostly Communists — who died there, were neither naive nor amusing. Had the Communist initiative on this issue been more vigorously seconded by other Left groups here and abroad, how much bloodshed might have been avoided!

The party's discovery, following the 1939 Nazi-Soviet pact, that its reports of the Fascist danger had been greatly exaggerated harmed mainly itself. The spring it had tapped had grown to a torrent which no amount of quasi-pacifist agitation could stem. Its second about face, which followed Hitler's attack on the USSR, though it earned the scorn of the politically sophisticated, plunged the party back into the main stream of American life. And, of course, it was helped enormously by the magnificent Soviet resistance which it had confidently predicted despite both Leon Trotzky and the U. S. Army's G-2.

It is worth noting, finally, that during the years when the NAACP was widely known among Negroes as (in Thurgood Marshall's words) "the National Association for the Advancement of *Certain* People," the Communist Party worked longer and harder than any other political group to bring Negro America to the attention of the white world (and evolved its bewildering theory of the "Negro nation," described by a recent *Worker* correspondent as "the most ephemeral and certainly the most reluctant nation in history"). The standard loyalty-prober's question: "Did Mr. A. entertain Negroes at his home?" was pertinent; for many years the Communist Party and its satellite organizations were the only significant integrated groups in America.

Thus the party succeeded to the degree that it learned to look at America rather than at its own ideological navel. It failed because it did not apply what it had learned to modernizing its basic ideology and structure.

DURING the thirties, the party's adolescent sneers at religion and "patriotism" were replaced by a preoccupation with the American democratic tradition — equally adolescent, perhaps, in its references to "Tom" Jefferson and "Abe" Lincoln, but pointed in the right direction. For all its new "Twentieth Century Americanism," however, the party's ideological heart still belonged to Big Brother across the seas. Along with newly-rediscovered American folksongs, Communists continued to sing that "the international Soviet shall be the human race." The party's "literature" was full of inaccurate panegyrics on Soviet socialism; on the probable nature of American socialism, as on the long-range strategy necessary to achieve it, there was silence or at best ambiguity.

The party's uncritical admiration of all things Soviet was nowhere more destructive than in the field of party organization and structure. That a monolithic and "democratic

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centralist" party was necessary to achieve socialism was as self-evident as that Stalin could do no wrong. After all, hadn't it worked in Russia, the only Socialist country in the world? The question of whether what "worked" in Russia would "work" indefinitely in the America of the thirties and forties was never seriously posed; to answer it (as well as the related question of how well it was working even in the USSR) would have involved a serious analysis of Russian history at a time when Soviet Communists were busy rewriting it into Stalin's campaign biography. And the Russians, as every Communist knew, were the best Marxists in the world.

The party's persistent weaknesses were typified by Earl Browder, its chief theoretician and adored leader during the best years of its life. A clever but not a profound man, with a weakness for slick phrases and political gimmicks, he never succeeded in integrating the Marxist method with American reality. His pragmatic innovations in theory and practice, though supported by selected scriptural quotations from Lenin, remained—in relation to the main body of Marxist thought—firmly rooted in thin air. For all Browder's sincere admiration for Jefferson, he was no less an autocrat than any other Communist leader; under his aegis, policies continued to be announced first and "discussed" afterward; "Trotzkyite" heretics were as ruthlessly expelled as "Browderite" heretics were later expelled by his successors.

The most radical of his improvisations was unveiled in 1944. Reasoning from the undoubted fact that most American capitalists had accepted the wartime Soviet alliance with fairly good grace, he arrived at the *non sequitur* that they would embrace co-existence once the war was over. Thence he proceeded to such flights of fancy as a post-war no-strike pledge, on the assumption that the rulers of American industry would willingly grant wage increases in order to unload the products of their expanded factories. As its contribution to this dream-world of perpetual national unity and prosperity-by-consent, the Communist Party was to transform itself into a non-partisan, vaguely Socialist "political association."

This latter proposal, though not completely without merit apart from Browder's peculiar political context, left the party's main structural weaknesses untouched; Browder's presentation made no mention of either monolithism or democratic centralism. His proposals were adopted after a "discussion" whose perfunctory nature was guaranteed by the "unanimous" recommendation of the National Committee (Foster, the party's nominal chairman, was threatened with expulsion if he made public his objections).

THE NEW policy, going too far in program and not far enough in structure, was short-lived. The cooling of Soviet-American relations in 1945, and the emerging realities of labor-management conflict, were exposing its weaknesses at a rate which would shortly have forced a change in any case. Foster, however, impatient to justify himself and lacking confidence in the party rank-and-file from which his health and Browder's ill-will had long isolated him, sought help from outside. Partly at his instigation, Jaques Duclos, French Communist leader and a power in the international Stalinist machine, publicly denounced Browder as a "revisionist," "liquidationist" heretic.

Neither the party's leaders nor many of its members were the stuff of which protestants are made. With insignificant exceptions, they began denouncing in almost hysterical tones the policies they had hastily embraced less than a year before. Any suggestion that the preceding period had been anything short of a fiasco was condemned as "Browderism"; Browder himself was expelled in an atmosphere suggesting an auto-da-fé.

For a concise and accurate description of what followed, it is hard to improve on a recent statement of a New York party committee:

> Even as we expounded the necessity for criticism and self-criticism . . . we brooked no criticism from within or without. We operated . . . more like a militant church than a political party which espouses scientific method. . . . As social conditions became less pressing, we became even more dogmatic, shrill and self-assertive. We proceeded as if those who disagreed with our official position, whether inside or outside the party, were enemies of the people. . . . As a result, we made ourselves vulnerable to government attack and facilitated our isolation. Under these conditions it was inevitable that we should shrink in size, influence and appreciation.

This critique of the party's post-war decline and fall applies with particular force to its bureaucracy—the "professional revolutionaries" who in all Communist parties have come to control the determination and especially the execution of policy. The American party in particular became increasingly dominated by a group of leaders who at the best of times had little direct contact with Americans outside the party and its immediate circle. Trade-unionists and others with an independent mass following were, as a New York party leader recently wrote, "never [treated] as first-class leaders but . . . tacked on to the main leadership"—when they were not looked on with outright suspicion. The ideal bureaucrat would rather be "correct" than President—and if anyone got to be president of anything on his own hook he was probably "opportunist" and "anti-leadership" to boot.

After 1945, the tendency of these "leading cadres" to live in a dogmatic world of their own was aggravated not only by the party's increasing isolation, but by the growing gulf between Soviet reality and the party's glowing descriptions of it. Men selected and trained to look at one-sixth of the world through distorting spectacles cannot be expected to regain their full vision when examining the other five-sixths.

UNTIL 1945 Communists, with one brief interruption, had been part of the liberal wave which dominated American politics. Mistakes, even serious ones, slowed but did not halt their progress. As this wave paused and drew back, the party found itself increasingly in situations where the slightest mistake invited the attack of decisively powerful forces—and where its own rigidities of thought and structure ensured that few of its mistakes would be slight.

Yet despite the swelling conserv-

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ative currents in America, issues did exist around which the party, albeit with difficulty, could have won new friends. The doctrinaire manner in which it chose to tackle these issues ensured that it would, instead, lose most of its old ones. Its principal preoccupation, peace, was of sufficient concern to millions of Americans to have influenced decisively two post-war Presidential elections. Yet few among these millions could accept the Communist insistence that the cold war was altogether America's fault; fewer still, however dubious they might be about getting shot up in Korean domestic quarrels, could believe that Korean Communists were blameless. The party's years of unconditional support for the foreign policy of the Soviet Union guaranteed that anything it might say on the subject would be heavily discounted.

On the race front, the party continued its fight for Negro rights in such cases as those of Willie McGhee and the Trenton Six. Simultaneously, its insistence that the "Negro nation" could make no general advance in a "period of reaction" helped to cut it off almost totally from the much broader Negro movement which has recently reached such heights.

WITH THE arrest of its top leaders in 1948, the party grew increasingly preoccupied with defending its right to exist. The cases which chronicle this defense—*U.S. v. Blau, U.S. v. Dennis et al, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania v. Nelson* among many others—have written the names of its leaders into Constitutional law, and helped in some measure to fortify the Bill of Rights. Yet here, too, the party's cavalier attitude toward the liberties of its Trotzkyite opponents and, much more important, its ignoring of atrocious violations of human rights in the USSR, made many honest liberals reluctant to risk obloquy in defense of an organization which, they reasoned, might well shoot them if it ever came to power.

The party's growing isolation did not go unremarked among its members. But any resistance to official dogma was met with repression. Dissenters were either "straightened out" by a process of verbal hammering—producing a sort of conviction-by-exhaustion—or expelled in a manner described by a New York party leader:

> Each "prosecutor". . . knew there were a series of standard charges that had to be put into each case to make it stick: anti-leadership, undisciplined, anti-working class and, for the poor soul who would dare . . . argue his or her case, the cardinal crime of breaking the unity of the party. . . .

Party trade-unionists, their ranks already decimated by Taft-Hartley oaths and screening programs, were expelled as "opportunists" if they were unwilling to crash head-on into labor's top leadership. White comrades were expelled for "white chauvinism," which could mean anything from disagreeing with the party's "Negro nation" line to holding a watermelon party; Negroes were expelled for "Uncle Tom-ism" if they were reluctant to denounce their white comrades as Klansmen and riding bosses. Not surprisingly, the party's influence in the unions and Negro communities declined even more rapidly.

This self-destructive process, hard to explain except on grounds of whom - the - gods - would - destroy, reached its apogee in 1950-51, when the membership had already dwindled to below 40,000. Believing that the party would soon be forced completely underground, the National Committee ordered one-third of the district and section leadership into hiding as a "reserve" for underground work. Simultaneously, one-third of the membership—those whose devotion was in any way suspect—were either encouraged to drop out or, if necessary, simply struck off the rolls.

Despite these draconian measures, it was becoming increasingly obvious, even at the top echelons of the party, that something was terribly wrong. Neither the major war which its leaders had believed all but inevitable, nor the crisis they had repeatedly predicted, had arrived. The first post-Stalin attacks on the "cult of the [as yet nameless] individual" and the Kremlin's subsequent courtship of the erstwhile "Fascist" Tito put the USSR into a new and questionable light even for many of the faithful. Behind the party's monolithic facade, differences grew wider and deeper. By 1955 dissidents included most of the leaders of the New York State organization, containing half the membership, and almost the entire staff of the *Daily Worker*, the party's most important, though unofficial, organ.

YET THIS deep and pervasive discontent was never permitted to cohere into an articulate and perhaps saving opposition. In the face of overwhelming attack from without, few party leaders were willing to seek a showdown with Foster and the old guard. They kept their differences not only from the world at large, but from their own rank and file; the very existence of top-level dissent could only be inferred after lengthy research amid the close-printed jargon of "theoretical" articles. By a kind of very uncommon consent, members both dissident and orthodox kept dissent in fragmentary suspension within each party unit and even —as later anguished letters to the *Daily Worker* eloquently attested —within the individual member. Like cancer patients who fear the knife more than the disease, Communists would not name the thing that was killing them, clinging instead to the comforting nostrum of an illusory unity.

The 1956 crisis of world communism thus found the American party already in a state of crisis. More than two-thirds of the 75,000 members it had claimed in 1945 had left its ranks; the survivors were penned in an increasingly impotent political isolation which few Americans, even on the Left, cared or dared to share. Confused and divided among and

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even within themselves, they looked for clarification and direction to a leadership equally confused and divided.

TO SAY that most American Communists were shocked by the grisly revelations of the Soviet party's Twentieth Congress would be a monumental understatement. Not even in their most private imaginings had they conceived of anything approaching the story which arrived, installment by horrifying installment, over the Moscow wires. The National Committee, still pursuing the chimera of party unity, continued its usual secret-society deliberations. Caught unaware by each new revelation, it emitted a series of "unanimous" pronouncements which clarified nothing except its own confusion.

The Gates group, recognizing as their more orthodox associates did not that the party was on the edge of destruction, took the unprecedented step of throwing open the *Daily Worker* to absolutely free discussion. Along with personal reactions to Khrushchev's bombshell—ranging from "I have wasted twenty years of my life" to denunciations of Stalin's successors as "unworthy sons of a great father"—readers spread across its pages the hair-raising history of the party's post-war years: the systematic suppression of criticism, the mass expulsions, the conflicts of leadership. Again the reality was far worse than the most cynical had guessed.

In its editorial columns, the *Daily Worker* tried to supply the leadership which the National Committee had failed to give. Dragging that body in its wake, it pointed out that Khrushchev's "explanations" of the Stalin era explained very little; criticized Soviet evasions on the Jewish question; condemned Soviet pressure on Poland, and attacked both Soviet interventions in Hungary. Only on this last issue did the National Committee fail to go along: though it condemned the first intervention as a "tragic error," it could come to no agreement on the second.

For several months Gates and his friends appeared to have things pretty much their way. No other group in the party seemed either to know what was going on or to have any notion what to do about it. But their "new look" program, though its genesis could be traced back several years, was for the most part an almost overnight improvisation. Its inevitable obfuscations and inadequacies were abusively exposed by Foster and his allies—whose own mistakes were at least sanctioned by tradition—to the edification of the many party members whose normal tendency to line up with "official" world Communist opinion was beginning to reassert itself as the first shock wore off.

Far more serious in undermining Gates's seemingly dominant position was the Hungarian tragedy. For

hundreds of his most ardent supporters, it was the last straw; they simply quit the party altogether. For his opponents, it provided something which could be presented as not merely the threat but the reality of "counter-revolution"—an object lesson in what "new look" communism could lead to. Even as it made drastic change mandatory if the party's disintegration were to be halted, Hungary ensured that these changes could not be made.

Nearly a year ago, a letter to the *Daily Worker*, noting that "there is such a thing as striking out," suggested that the party might have outlived its usefulness. A few months later, another letter declared that if the party were to survive it must "come clean from the Soviet leadership." The party has washed off some of the dirt, but it has not come clean. On the key moral issues of Hungary and Soviet anti-Semitism, it has struck out.

It would be foolish to say that the Communist Party will be widely missed, except perhaps by those earnest patriots who have won fame and fortune investigating it. It would be equally foolish, however, to deny that for many years its influence on American life was, on balance, positive. Despite its abject adoration of the USSR, despite the conspicuous neuroticism of some of its adherents, it was fundamentally neither a foreign conspiracy nor a home for the maladjusted, but the creature of a generous impulse. The hundreds of thousands who joined it—of whom many hundreds were blacklisted or deported and scores beaten, jailed or killed—did so in the belief that they were preparing a more humane society for their children, and for all children. When they sang (in translation from the Russian), "With ordered step and flag unfurled / We'll build a new and better world," they were unwittingly echoing Horace Mann when he wrote: "Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity."

THIS generous impulse, which the party partially and temporarily expressed, has not wholly disintegrated with it. Despite American cold-war prosperity and Soviet police-statism, tens and perhaps scores of thousands of Americans still believe in socialism; far greater numbers, who through capitalism are seemingly gaining the whole world, have begun to wonder whether in the process they are losing their own souls.

If the Communist Party can no longer hope to attract such people, neither, on past and present performance, can any of the other Socialist sects. As for the independent Socialist publications, though they have done much to clarify the thinking of the non-Communist Left, it is obvious that without organization neither they nor anyone else will succeed in making socialism a significant force in American life. The group that can begin to do so by enlisting the energies of the thousands whose social vision transcends the life or death of any organization, will be doing a service to the Left and, many would say, to America.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

A Note on Tradition in Poetry

M. L. Rosenthal

THE WHOLE notion of an esthetic war between conservatives and radicals in poetry—in poetry of the first rank, I mean—is extraordinarily misleading. We all play with it at times, getting politics and technics and temperaments all blessedly confused with one another. The truth is that these partisan terms cannot apply. A poetic form is not an institution or a vested interest; or if it is, it can so easily be appropriated and used to confound its possessor-presumptive that its value as sheer property becomes worthless. Besides, poetry works by opposites, and the man with the most wildly explosive unorthodoxies is likely to compress and conserve them in highly conventional forms, while the person with little new or shocking to say may reinvigorate his old and reassuring affirmations by formal effects of the most dizzying daring.

Poetry works by opposites, and is intrinsically both conservative and radical—traditional and experimental. The ancient Hebrews conceived of a kingdom of Heaven on earth: the earthly paradise. They shared this dream of a golden age to be re-experienced, a Garden of Eden restored, with many early peoples, and the dream has never been lost. It cuts through both classicism and romanticism, links Blake and Shelley, Whitman and Rossetti, Stevens and Rexroth, Lawrence and Pound. Physical and psychological self-liberation is another very old motif. Rediscovered in almost every generation, it is likely to loosen up conventional forms in some writers, who naturally fall back to ancient incantatory rhythms (Biblical rhythms in particular), prophetic intonations, and the idiomatic language of wit, vituperation, and rhetorical emphasis. But then it is just as likely to be reincorporated in rigorously structured traditional forms. When the reincorporation takes place—Yeats is a prime example—we have a further interaction under high pressures, so that the greatest violence is as it were the most perfectly contained within the limits of the poem.

FOR these reasons, no other sentimentality has caused so much bewildered frustration as the widespread belief that strong feeling in itself, or rough and untutored genius, can carry one a great distance in any of the arts. The rough genuises like Burns and Whitman almost invariably turn out to be very well-read, if sometimes eccentrically so. They're likely to have read and pondered their "classics"; if not, they have picked up what they mostly need from undisciplined reading and from such elementary sources as the King James Version, folk literature, popular tradition. The makers of the Romantic revolution were either University men with classical educations who knew what they were moving away from or else they generally *wished* they were; as Gertrude Stein once said, "The clue to Keats is that he had a passion for self-education." *Experience* was not enough —not unless we include under experience the deep study of literature and of ideas. Keats seems to have found it just as exhilarating to read Chapman's Homer as to lie "pillowed on my fair love's ripening breast." At least he describes both experiences with the same ardor.

Certainly there is no significant experimentation without awareness of the traditions within which one is working—and, as a refinement upon that awareness, the deliberate selection of certain strains within them as more fruitful for the time being than the rest, and of others as the embodiment of mortmain to be shaken off as one would shake off the devil's claw. Chaucer was a careful observer of the possibilities of several national literatures, a sophisticater of inherited methods, a satirist of outworn modes. Shakespeare's borrowings are well known, and his critical ironies also. Horace and Catullus could not have written as they did without their Greek predecessors. "The two great lyric traditions," wrote Pound almost a half-century ago, as he was helping to launch the great modern movement, "are that of the Melic poets and that of Provence. From the first arose practically all the poetry of the 'ancient world,' from the second practically all that of the modern. Doubtless there existed before either of these traditions a Babylonian and a Hittite tradition whereof knowledge is for the most part lost." We should not be surprised to find that the most energetic modern inventors and experimentalists are the most sensitive to the teachings of the past. When we find Odysseus re-established as the protagonist, in a variety of guises, of Pound's major poems; when we find Eliot subtly reworking Shakespeare, Milton, or Ovid; when we find Williams preparing his reader for a vision of horror by employing Dante's *terza rima* at the start of "The Yachts," we must be prepared to see how, to these poets, the past is not necessarily a burden but, rightly understood, a marvelous, inexhaustible source.

BUT that "rightly understood" is the rub! Only the poet who stands somehow at the frontiers of his craft can use the past to make something new. The past is so strong that only the truly original man can escape from sinking meekly into it. Williams' praise of Whitman's achievement puts the issue boldly:

> Whitman.... For God's sake! He broke through the deadness of copied forms which kept shouting above everything that wants to get said today drowning out one man with the accumulated weight of a thousand voices in the past.... The structure of the old is active, it says no! to everything in propaganda and poetry that wants to say yes. Whitman broke through that.

Elsewhere, however, Williams bal-

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ances the implications of this outcry off by an acknowledgment of the importance of tradition, viewed not passively but as an active agent in creation:

> Any who would know and profit by his knowledge of the great must lead a life of violent opposites. The deeper at moments of penetration is his mastery of their work, the more vigorously at other moments must he fling himself off from them to remain himself a man. But if he himself would do great works also, only by this violence, this completeness of his wrenching free, will he be able to use that of which their greatness has consisted.

Williams himself "derives" in great part from Keats, Whitman, and the "pure" lyric tradition, but has sought to locate new, native forms of expression arising from a whole complex of American memories. With an ear disciplined by attention to ancient and "foreign" voices, he has been able to help reshape the American sense of the past, as Pound, Hart Crane, Lowell, Rukeyser, Berryman and Olson have also tried, in their several ways, to do. For such writers the struggle is hardly to blot out the past; rather, it is to make it heard in a new *contemporary* way, through the medium of their unique voices.

WHEN the long incantatory lines of the Bible re-emerge in Smart, Blake, Whitman, Lawrence; when the ancient *ubi sunt* form is employed in varying modulations by Masters, Eberhart, Rexroth, we are witnessing a kind of continuity that we should expect. Also, we should expect the occasional dive into foreign literary tradition, into realms of poetic resource whose energies remain unexhausted—oratory, street-talk, popular song, the rhythms of dramatic interchange, liturgy, casual conversations, the language of science, scholarship, documentation:

> We see by this, it was not sex
> *(Donne)*

> All we want is a bank balance and a bit of skirt in a taxi (*MacNeice*)

> Get the hell out of the way of the laurel.... (*Bogan*)

> All that year, the classical declaration of war was lacking.
> There was a lot of lechery and disorder,
> And I am queen on that island.
> *(Rukeyser)*

And to get the right rhythm and tone, we must read Auden's "Petition" or the start of Eliot's *Burnt Norton* as though we were intoning the Lord's Prayer.

Every poet will do it in his own way, but experimentation in verse is largely a matter of adjustment between personal motivations and available traditions, language and all the other elements of the art being by definition a matter of social heritage. Some rather simple though unexpected shift of manner or thought, such as life confronts us with daily, is usually the main key to a temporarily baffling mode of poetic expression. One such shift between past and present is from relative formality to greater intimacy of expression. As early as 1885 the French poet Laforgue remarked on this development in his notes on Baudelaire. Baudelaire, he said, "was the *first* to write about himself in a moderate confessional manner, and to leave off the inspired manner." He was "the first to speak of Paris from the point of view of her daily damned (the lighted gas jets flickering with the wind of prostitution, the restaurants and their air vents...)" and to "accuse himself rather than appear triumphant." He "shows his wounds, his laziness, his bored uselessness at the heart of this dedicated, workaday century" and brings to literature the "boredom implicit in sensuality," the consciousness of neurosis, the feeling of "damnation on this earth."*

WHAT Laforgue says about Baudelaire might with some revision apply to many other poets (Catullus again, for instance) who lived long before the modern era. But Laforgue calls attention not only to the mood—a breakdown of old certainties, a heavy, physical weariness with the self, a closing-in of bleakness—but also to something else still very contemporary in Baudelaire: "to speak of Paris from the point of view of her daily damned, etc." To the suddenly morbid awareness of an individual life out of tune with the proclaimed ideals of its age is added, paradoxically, the sense of being but one of the many interned in metropolis. The law of life becomes that of living mass-death; and, understandably, one of the key-symbols of modern poetry in English at least becomes Dante's pictured prisoners in the antechamber of Hell—"wretches never born and never dead," worthy of neither blame nor praise. These are, in their modern

**Selected Writing of Jules Laforgue.* Grove Press.

Rx For Joyce Cary

Had the prescription read
One capsule of death before bedtime
Before he flew to Greece,
He would have gone anyway.
He had studied Greek in order to read
The street signs in Socrates' city.
He had read everything,
From *Genesis* to a Nigerian road map,
And he knew the exact page
In Homer's *Iliad* where Achilles learns
From the horse's mouth that he will achieve fame
But he will die.
He had seen the creation of Gulley Jimson
And witnessed his fall with the crumbling chapel.
A great deal had happened in one lifetime
And a great deal more might happen
After death, if one had imagination.
He did not know; but he did not despair.
Now he read the signature on the box
And rattled the pills cheerfully,
For he believed in the quality of a man's dying
Lies his freedom.

RUTH G. VAN HORN

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manifestation, the citizens of Eliot's *Waste Land*. Metropolis is their habitat—

> Unreal city,
> Under the brown fog of a winter dawn,
> A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many,
> I had not thought death had undone so many....

Thus writes Eliot, echoing both the *Inferno*, III, and Baudelaire's

> *Fourmillant cité, cité plein de rêves,*
> *Ou le spectre en plein jour raccroche le passant.*
>
> Swarming city, city filled with dreams,
> Where the spectre in broad daylight confronts the passer-by.

The shifting of sensibility is an endless process of stabs into the dark, adjustments, assimilations: "siftings on siftings in oblivion." The art itself, despite the agonies of the process, is impersonal; it *will* accumulate whatever is produced, and make it another item in the great storehouse. Thus, the sufferings of the Jesuit poet Hopkins in the 1880s, and his development of a metrical and imagistic method out of the conflict between sensuousness and devotion as it manifested itself in his own feelings, created a resource for the secularistic revolutionary poetry of the 1930s—for anyone who must transcend the strife between impulse and constraint in any context. In the struggle of workingman and Irish patriot each against his own real and imaginary enemies, Yeats saw a dialectic analogous to the oppositions of art and of mysticism; the specifics were explored and discarded, so that the symbolic motifs could carry over to undreamt-of dilemmas and contradictions in the human situation.

MODERN poets, having so much to draw from and being so *conscious* of the depth and variety of the matrix of traditions within which they breathe, are in a position like that of modern scientists. They may surprise and shock, but both they and we have learned to *expect* surprise and shock. We know the barriers of awareness will be more and more widened as time goes by. We know there must be a constant re-immersing in the meaning of physical experience and common experience generally. We know that side by side with the expanding and extension of sensibility, and with constantly renewed acquaintance with actual life, there must be a continued cultivation of old themes and forms if the art is not to lose its direction as a whole. What we do not know is whether the time is near at hand when the genius of art for the transcending of opposed motifs—so that the best of everything is available "for the common good"—will be studied by the men considered leaders in the clash of peoples and systems. That is a Utopian dream, no doubt, but short of its fulfillment we shall not expect to see anything *totally* new—except for the first impact which original genius always makes upon us—in the poetic scene of the future. If we do, it will be either the end of communication or the hieroglyph of God—or, more likely, the influence of a poet or tradition so long-neglected we were simply ignorant of its existence.

Refurbishing Hamilton

ALEXANDER HAMILTON: YOUTH TO MATURITY 1755-1788. By Broadus Mitchell. The Macmillan Co. 675 pp. $8.75.

Keith Hutchison

IT IS doubtful that Hamilton will ever achieve the status of folk hero in the company of such men as Franklin, Washington and Lincoln. Brilliant he was, but not glamorous; he appeals, for all the drama of his death, to the intellect, not the emotion. Nor has he been well treated by his biographers, with the exception of the late Nathan Schachner.* When not inspired by family piety, they have tended to treat him as a symbol either of righteous conservatism or black reaction.

In his bicentennial year, however, Hamilton is being refurbished as a national monument with rival schools of political economy competing to eulogize him. A few months ago Louis Hacker was hailing him as a disciple of Adam Smith and the father of American individualism. Now Dr. Mitchell, a moderate socialist, traces his economic thought to the English mercantilists and pictures him as the "patron of government guidance" who might reasonably be hailed as a "progenitor" of today's collectivism.

Despite this divergence, Hacker and Mitchell agree in defending Hamilton against charges that he was anti-democratic, a believer in aristocratic rule, an enemy of civil liberties, and a stooge for men of property. Acknowledging that criticisms of Hamilton have often been outrageously biased, I still find an element of special pleading in these defenses. Mitchell, I feel, passes too lightly over words and actions that support Hamilton's adversaries while over-emphasizing those showing him in a democratic posture.

Perhaps we should suspend judgment until Mitchell's second volume. The present book carries Hamilton's story to the close of the Poughkeepsie Convention where against heavy odds the Federalists, under his leadership, secured the adherence of New York to the new Constitution. Mitchell is not a stirring writer but his account of this crucial political battle does achieve drama.

TAKEN as a whole, this is a work of painstakingly detailed scholarship: indeed, with 200 of its 675 pages given to notes and bibliography, some readers may find the documentation overwhelming. Even so, like other Hamilton biographies, this book fails to satisfy my curiosity about his relations with his rather mysterious English brother-in-law, John Barker Church. Mitchell repeats the family legend that this gentleman left England hurriedly because of a duel, though there is evidence that he was actually a fugitive from creditors. Nor does he give any explanation for Church's rise to fortune during the Revolution as an army contractor. Perhaps Mitchell will explore the Hamilton-Church relationship more closely in his next volume. It is not unimportant, since, after Church's return to England and a seat in Parliament, Hamilton served as his American financial agent.

*A new edition of *Alexander Hamilton* by Nathan Schachner was published by Thomas Yoseloff last month.

KEITH HUTCHISON, formerly financial editor of The Nation, *is the author of* The Decline and Fall of British Capitalism.

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Chinese Painting: Freedom in Style

THE TAO OF PAINTING. By Mai-Mai Sze. Bollingen Series XLIX. Pantheon Books. 805 pp. Illustrated. Two volumes; $25.

Kenneth Rexroth

MAI-MAI SZE is probably one of the two best living Chinese painters working in anything resembling contemporary Western idiom; Zao Wou-Ti is the other. In addition, Miss Sze is a writer of great fluency, charm and intelligence. It is impossible to think of a person better fitted to edit, translate and comment on the classic Chinese artists' manual, *The Mustard Seed Garden.* In fact, this is one of the happiest inspirations ever to strike the editorial committee of the Bollingen Foundation. Furthermore, it is singularly free of quotations from the great Swiss Mahatma and there is not a single picture of a snake swallowing its tail. I am all for the elaborate Jung program of the Bollingen people: at its worst it still makes entertaining, lenitive reading, but it must be admitted it has been getting a little excessive of late. Miss Sze's introduction is a judicious and even-handed exposition of the philosophical principles underlying Chinese ink painting. Any resemblance to *The Secret of the Golden Flower* is fortuitous and due to the nature of the subject matter.

Every American artist and art critic should buy and study this book—every night for several years. Nothing could be a better answer to the problems and dilemmas of modern abstract expressionism. Nothing could be a better antidote to the enervating poisons which have debilitated modern painting. This, my colleagues, is a lucid, profound and exhaustive explanation of what you think you are doing, but aren't; what you would like to do, but can't. Furthermore, the larger second volume consists of more than four hundred detailed pictures, with complete explanation, of how it was done, long ago, by far better men than you. It is all there—a complete alphabet of expression—men, flowers, insects, rocks, water, mountains, artifacts, birds and animals. In important subjects the brush strokes of the major Sung masters are classified.

To those totally ignorant of Far Eastern art this may seem a flagrant, even absolute, contradiction of Miss Sze's introductory volume. Perhaps it does require a little explanation. In fact, perhaps that explanation touches on the very heart of the dilemma of modern American painting. Miss Sze, like everybody else who has written about Chinese painting, dwells at length on the special Chinese creative response, the rising of spontaneity out of passivity—the creative act which flashes out of inaction. There is, on the other hand, nothing whatever spontaneous about the memorizing of formulae for reproducing the aspects of nature—and a very limited armamentarium of aspects at that. Furthermore, all these little stereotypes are based on the brush strokes, on the actual constructive details, of the Chinese written character. After they have been learned seriatim, they are assembled in the final painting like so many minute bits of a puzzle, even a crossword puzzle, with certain traditionally divided areas occupied, and others left blank. The answer is obvious. The technique of painting has been reduced to a bare minimum necessary to provide a self-governing discipline which will *permit* spontaneity. You cannot transcend a medium until you have so mastered it that you are unaware of it.

CHINESE art is motivated by a kind of empirical mysticism, a non-religious (at least by Western terms) suffusion of the whole being of the artist by an abiding realization of the self and the other, passing beyond such categories as the ego and the world, let alone the soul and God. To support such insight the technology of expression must be sufficiently complex so that revelation does not lapse into platitude, and it must have sufficient technical interest to attract and satisfy the first superficial interests of the spectator. Beyond that it need not go. The elements of Chinese painting could be mastered by any gentleman who could "write a good

From *The Tao of Painting*, Volume II

KENNETH REXROTH's most recent book is In Defense of Earth, *a volume of poems.*

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hand," and were so mastered by many gentlemen before modern times. Most of the great painters of China, as most of its great poets, were men occupying positions analogous to those filled by Defense Secretary Wilson and the late Senator McCarthy. Ponder that for a while and you will readily grasp the difference between the American Way of Life and the traditional Chinese. To have something to say in the arts, the Chinese believed, one must come with determinative experience—of the world, not art—whether acquired through meditation or through the mastery of affairs; one must have arrived at profoundly rooted conclusions—wisdom; one must have the automatic facility of the chess prodigy or the master pianist. None of these qualities are very apparent at a Carnegie International or a Venice Biennale.

Beyond its pedagogic value, which is obviously limited to artists, this is a book of great beauty for anybody. The pages of *The Mustard Seed Garden* have a simple charm which is approached only by certain eighteenth century French masters of drawing, themselves of course greatly influenced by the Chinese, even by this very book. To illustrate her introduction, Miss Sze has chosen some of the most splendid examples of Chinese painting and they are perfectly reproduced. It is certainly one of the loveliest books ever produced by the Bollingen Foundation, and although $25 may look expensive here at the head of a review, with the actual book in hand it looks very cheap indeed. I would hate to guess what it cost to produce. Certainly it could not be sold at that price without subvention of the Mellon millions.

Discomfort of Comedy

LOLITA. By Vladimir Nabokov. The Olympia Press. Two volumes, 900 francs each.

George P. Elliott

LOLITA was published in English two years ago in Paris, but it has not yet come out in this country, though Nabokov's *Pnin* (a minor work) has recently been issued by Doubleday and though the next issue of Doubleday's *Anchor Review* will include a sizeable excerpt from *Lolita*. I suppose our publishers are afraid that *Lolita* would bring them lawsuits for being pornographic and immoral.

And pornographers would, I am sure, find it fairly satisfactory for their lewd fantasies. But only fairly satisfactory, for, like *Ulysses* before it, *Lolita* by high art transmutes persons, motives and actions which in ordinary life are considered indecent, into objects of delight, compassion and contemplation. *Lolita* will turn no reasonable citizen into a pornographer; the indecency in it, like the crime, is always seen with a clarity which does not encourage the fabricating of fantasies.*

The novel concerns an Americanized European of middle years whose true love is only for "nymphets," certain girls between nine and fourteen. He falls in love with one named Lolita, a girl whom we discover to be an altogether unexceptional child of the times, ill-parented, traditionless, Hollywoodized, the prey of admen, but for whom he conceives a driving passion. In order to be near Lolita, he marries her widowed mother. When the mother is killed by accident, he runs off with his stepdaughter, living from motel to hotel all over the country, with one interlude of private school for her. Although she earlier tempted him sexually and although when the time came she did the actual seducing, yet his sustained passion and prodigious sexual demands presently repel her. He holds her by threat—she has no money and no one who will take care of her. But he in turn is the anxious servant of her whims, for he knows that she will escape him (if only by maturing into adolescence). When finally she disappears, he is driven to insanity for a time and to despair; a few years later he finds her married to a workingman and pregnant, a most ordinary girl. He discovers from her that a bad playwright and film writer named Quilty had helped her to escape and had then dropped her. At the end he murders Quilty.

Obviously the book concerns a diseased man performing immoral acts. But the *book* is no more immoral than it is pornographic. For we know from the foreword that the narrator is a criminal and mentally abnormal, and this knowledge tempers our reaction to everything he says of himself. Most of all, both Nabokov and the imaginary narrator, Humbert Humbert, are wholly unambiguous about the morality of the acts and motives.

I loved you. I was a pentapod monster, but I loved you. I was despicable and brutal, and turpid, and everything, *mais je t'aimais, je t'aimais!* And there were times when I knew how you felt, and it was hell to know it, my little one.

And indeed he did love her, for Humbert Humbert is a man, a whole, comic man. The book's chief offense, I guess, is that it presents a sexual pervert as a man to be known and pitied, a man of some essential dignity. Its other offense, perhaps as great, is that it satirizes in delighted detail our adman pandering to childishness, ease, vulgarity, titillation, mindlessness.

YET *Lolita* is not primarily a satire but a comedy of the exuberant Rabelaisian sort. It is superabundant in verbal energy (Nabokov's command over American idiom is a marvel greater even than Conrad's over literary English) and it heaps details of our daily life before us until it forces our wonder even more than our repugnance. It preserves that strange doubleness of comedy which creates in many a discomfort they resist (Are You So Sure?), for you identify with, feel familiar with, see yourself in, a character whom you at the same time know to have performed abominable deeds. It transmutes, as

Lolita has been reviewed by the U.S. Customs and has been found admissible to this country.

Another important
Public Affairs Press book:

THE VALUES OF VEBLEN

A Critical Appraisal
By BERNARD ROSENBERG

Introduction by Max Lerner

"It is a book for mid-century America in that the institutions and conditions and social thought of the America of the 1950s serve as a backdrop against which the figure of Veblen and his ideas is projected.

"It is not an easy grilling that Veblen gets . . . This book is a sympathetic one only in the sense that the leaning of the author's values is in the same direction as Veblen's. But the critical process through which the Veblen theories are sifted is a fiercely exacting one. Having worked with Bernard Rosenberg I can testify both joyfully and ruefully that his is one of the most mordant and brilliant minds among the younger social scientists, and that he delights in carving into little pieces the sacred cows of the academic world. In that sense he writes in the spirit in which Veblen wrote . . ." — Max Lerner

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only a great book could, this diseased man and this banal girl into people whom we know so well that they become others—not symbols, not types of Man, not aspects of ourselves, but persons towards whom we are permitted and encouraged and at last obliged to exercise our highest charity.

GEORGE P. ELLIOTT is at present writing a novel on a Hudson Review *fellowship.*

Drum in Johannesburg

DRUM. The Newspaper that Won the Heart of America. By Anthony Sampson. Houghton Mifflin Company. 256 pp. $3.50.

FOR three and a half years Anthony Sampson was editor of *Drum,* a monthly magazine for Africans, published in Johannesburg. Sampson is an Englishman, but his concern was to produce a journal which would serve the real needs—and enjoy the patronage—of the people to which it was addressed. Thus the reader will find that the book reveals a great deal about the lives, the work, the joys and suffering, the hopes, aspirations and habits of mind of the Africans. And these are the people of modern South Africa, the Africans of the future.

The keynote of the book is *Nationalism.* The African Nationalism is a Black Nationalism in the sense that these people have accepted their color as the badge of their common interest. But it differs from white (Afrikaner) Nationalism in that it does not cling to its past. The African has turned his back on rural tribalism as an ideal. He has been introduced to urban life, to buses and cars, electricity and modern shops, to education and art, to music and poetry, to bright lights and jails. He has adopted Western civilization, good and bad, as *his* life. He needs the city as much as the city needs him, and he is not going back to the tribe. Early in his editorship, African friends advised Sampson:

> Give us girls, man.... Tell us about gangsters.... Cut out this tribal stuff. Show us things that *matter.*

The meeting of cultures produces vivid incongruities.

> We visited P-boy at the "House of Commons" (a shebeen or illicit drinking place)—a small room in a dark backyard. The room was empty, but on the table was an open book—*A Tale of Two Cities.*

The title of Dickens' novel takes on a special significance in this context. On another occasion a master of ceremonies dresses in his academic B.A. gown to introduce a singer in a shebeen.

The Nationalism is Black, but it is not anti-white. Many incidents tell of Africans meeting whites on the basis of friendliness and cooperation. The coworking of black and white on the staff of *Drum* is one instance. But the deep-seated aversion of most whites to contact with Africans is shown by the words of a white policeman when Sampson is arrested for being in an African location:

> "Sis, man! You tell you was actually sitting down eating with a native?"... He could hardly bring himself to look at me. "Any moment now, and all the blerry natives in Orlando will want to sit down with Europeans. How can you do it, man? Eating with natives.... Ag, it makes me sick, man." And he really looked sick.

Sampson's method of increasing sales was to convince the African that *Drum* was *his* paper by championing the cause of the African. This was done by having *Drum* reporters investigate reports of exploitation and maltreatment of Africans and exposing these cases in the magazine. Thus the visits and exploits of "Mr. Drum" (one of the African reporters) became legendary. "Mr. Drum" got himself arrested in order to visit the jail, signed on as a laborer on a notorious Bethal farm, and these and many other stories, repeated in the book, give the reader an insight into contemporary African life.

The evaluation of the life of the Cape colored (people of mixed race) is less detailed and accurate, because *Drum* did not operate much in Cape Town, and because it concentrated on Africans. Some readers will complain that the "positive aspects" of white policy are not sufficiently stressed. But that is not the purpose of the book or of the magazine *Drum.* The purpose is to portray the urban African of the locations, and this is well done through the facts, as well as through the rapid, racy, humorous idiom of the African. Misery and frustration, humor and wit, political determination, squalor, dignity and humiliation—these flow in rapid sequence through the pages of Mr. Sampson's book.

THE AUTHOR of this review is an African now traveling in the United States. He writes: "I think you should withhold my name. Recent legislation in South Africa makes it a crime to publish anything which will 'disturb good race relations,' and this is a very broad injunction!"

LETTER from MILAN

William Weaver

THE inhabitants of Florence and Rome usually speak of Milan and the Milanese with undisguised contempt, as the older, impoverished members of a distinguished family might speak of a cadet branch that had made money in trade. If I defend Milan to any of my Roman or Florentine friends, they reply: "Of course you like Milan—it's just like America." Actually, it's like the America that Italians invent for an Italian film: all plate glass and stainless steel, snappy advertising, smart shops, bustling activity. And the *Milanesi*—imitated by Rome's chic set—have learned from our films to parody New York. The words *weekend, cocktail, sexy* and *love affair* have entered the Milanese dialect; *relationship* is expected to arrive any minute.

But it is not this superficial, slightly-comical Americanism that I enjoy in Milan. In his poem, *In Praise of Limestone,* Auden speaks of the difference between Italy and America, and states that the latter is the country for serious people. Milan takes everything seriously. In bars, waiters have a service-with-a-smile, customer-is-right air which is the exact opposite of the intimate, erratic, delightful and exasperating attitude assumed by Roman or Neapolitan waiters.For those of us who live farther to the South, a visit to Milan is a refreshing relaxation into reality and order, like going from Paris to London.

In April, two important events proved how seriously Milan takes business and how seriously it takes art. The President of Italy arrived on the 12th to inaugurate Milan's thirty-fifth annual Trades Fair; and on the 14th, Maria Meneghini Callas sang the first performance of the revived *Anna Bolena,*

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by Donizetti, with sets by Nicola Benois and stage direction by Luchino Visconti, Italy's best (and most expensive) director.

DURING the Fair, the great city of Milan reminds me of nothing so much as my home town in Virginia during the Firemen's Carnival. Flags fly; banner-signs are stretched across the main streets; the trolleys have special yellow-and-blue plates indicating that they go to the Fair. And the trolleys come back, filled with foreigners, small businessmen from Germany or Denmark, who have been looking at Italy's beautiful sewing-machines or typewriters; or filled with the Milanese themselves, hugging paper bags containing free samples from the food and drink section. The Fair is serious, all right, with forty miles of frontage of stands, more than thirteen thousand exhibitors, and millions of dollars worth of contracts. All the city's hotels are jammed. Visitors sleep in hallways, or go out of the city to Varese or even Pavia. But all this business is gala.

Equally gala and equally serious is a big opening night at La Scala. The lovely, soberly luxurious theatre is in the center of the city; and its geography is symbolic of the place it occupies in the heart of the Milanese. The war was hardly over when they began rebuilding the gutted interior; the theatre was re-dedicated in 1946 with a concert directed by Toscanini. Tickets are always at a premium; and when Callas is scheduled to sing, they are almost unobtainable, even at double or triple the box-office price.

On a night like the *Anna Bolena* opening, the very air outside the theatre seems to be charged with excitement; a good-sized crowd gathers around the main entrance to watch the cars arrive. The theatre is redolent of expensive French perfume, the boxes are decked with flowers. The cynical observer might say that this is the temple of snobbism —until the curtain. But from the first downward stroke of Maestro Gianandrea Gavazzeni's baton, it was clear that this opening was a musical occasion. Every detail of the production showed care and understanding of the responsibility involved in saving a great opera from undeserved oblivion. *Rigoletto* is so familiar that we can enjoy even a halfway decent performance of it; but *Anna Bolena* requires something approaching perfection. An early work of Donizetti, a "grand opera" in a style not much appreciated in our century, it must never lapse into routine when performed; every scene must count.

Callas is the perfect interpreter in

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such a situation: a singer who never sings a note or a word without having thought it out beforehand, without giving it its meaning. She has already restored long-forgotten works like Cherubini's *Medea* and Spotini's *La Vestale* to La Scala's repertory. Her Anne Boleyn was an unforgettable, tragic heroine, conceived with dignity and tenderness. Callas never played for the easy, theatrical effect; her interpretation was more subtle and, hence, more moving. At first the public seemed more impressed by the dashing, bright singing of Giulietta Simionato (excellent, indeed, as Jane Seymour); but as the story moved to its climax, and as Anne Boleyn approached the moment of her execution, the public became more and more caught up in Callas' noble, almost personal grief.

THE LAST scene of the opera was set, like the other scenes, in a grey Tudor architecture; it revealed Anne on the morning of her death, brooding in a strange, pathetic delirium about her past, her childhood, her unhappy love and unhappier marriage. Read by themselves, the words might seem banal, standard operatic text; but Donizetti's music gives them life and heart, and Callas brought out every accent, every shade of meaning in the scene. After the final curtain, she was greeted by a wild, unleashed ovation, a shower of flowers.

The night before this memorable occasion, the Piccola Scala had presented two charming little one-act operas by Donizetti, *Rita* (sung by two Scala discoveries, Eugenia Ratti and Luigi Alva) and *Il Campanello* (with Italy's most promising young baritone, Rolando Panerai).

And the night before that, at Milan's Piccolo Teatro, the brilliant resident director Giorgio Strehler had presented a new play by a young Italian playwright, Federico Zardi, called *The Jacobins*. Opinions about the play, a historical reconstruction, were divided, but critics and public alike agreed that Strehler had accomplished another of his tours de force, another powerful, correct mounting—as he has done often in the past few years with works by writers as varied as Brecht, Wilder, Shakespeare and Goldoni.

Musicians all say Milan is the most musical city in Italy; actors look upon the Piccolo Teatro with awe and respect; painters hold exhibits in Rome for their friends and for the critics, but they sell their paintings when they show in Milan. Businessmen, angry at Rome's bureaucratic red tape and casual office hours, claim that only in Milan do people know the value of time and money. In short, Milan may not be immediately lovable, but it is admirable. I love it. It is a rich city, not merely—as its detractors would have you believe—a wealthy one.

RECORDS

Lester Trimble

ARTHUR GRUMIAUX, a Belgian violinist too infrequently listed in the record catalogs, has come along with admirable performances of the Bach A Minor and E Major Concerti (Epic LC 3342). He manages, by an unusually keen sense of proportion and his refined manner of execution, to raise the works to their proper level of soloistic excitement without violating the Baroque framework of values. Little decorative flurries are carved into the texture with a spontaneous hand and to exactly the proper depth. Rather than obscuring the line, they enhance it. And, because the innate decorative aspects of the music are realized, further enhancement by lushness of sound or by rhythmic distortion becomes unnecessary. Grumiaux plays with a fine, compact tone, neither reedy nor oversize. It is warm without being torrid, and is ideal for this music. Accompaniments are provided by the Guller Chamber Orchestra.

Another Epic disc (LC 3332) presents the Bach D Major Suites Nos. 3 and 4 with Van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra. Here again, the quality of musicianship is startling. Tempi are caught with an unerring flair, so that the fast movements lilt, while the slow ones pulse with inner vitality. High trumpet pronouncements, which burble and falter in most performances, sound forth in this playing with complete ease and brilliance, and inner parts remain clear. Some objection might be lodged against the recording's slightly "engineered" quality. Balances of woodwinds, brasses and strings could hardly be adjusted with such equality in the concert hall, particularly with an orchestra as large as this one seems to be. But, as a virtuoso performance and a virtuoso essay in recording techniques (never forgetting Van Beinum's musicianship) the disc has great virtues.

Serkin's interpretation of the Beethoven Piano Sonatas Op. 13, Op. 27-No. 2, and Op. 57 is penetrating and authoritative (Columbia ML 5164). As with most performances by this artist, the element of control is uppermost, and the consequent potential for fine gradations in sentiment is enormous. Occasionally, as in the second movement of the Op. 13 Sonata, emotional ideas are understated almost to the point of dryness. But this is neither by accident nor from poverty of feeling; it is planned. When the third movement arrives, all sweet tempered and transparent, it becomes apparent that Serkin has designed his interpretation on a total curve, and not just movement by movement. One may agree or disagree with details. But a mighty will, mind and heart have been brought to bear on the music.

It is a pity that the playing of young Yury Boukoff, who recorded the complete Prokofieff Piano Sonatas for Westminster (XWN 18369-71), does not have more of the sardonic bite which

The Women's Jail

This garden is outlandish
with its white picket fence
and straggling orchard;
who would guess this arching house
with convent walks
is a women's jail?

Unless you had seen their faces:
old women gray as sponges
drooping in this habitat,
young ones sullen
with a worm gnawing them.
I often wonder why the drug takers
have such skyblue eyes.

And the cheque forgers:
how velvet they are
how apples and cream,
secretly I envy them
their blossoming bodies
and their talents with men.

Being especially human
I am no judge of evil,
but hear how it has
a singing life in them,
how it speaks out
with an endowed voice.

Doubt my poor my gentle one;
my overtrained my fine
my inner ear.
I have been insufficiently dowered,
my limbs are pale as winter,
sun-starved—
my blood is free of alcohol
I am law abiding I am completely
resistible, is there anything
praiseworthy in that?

MIRIAM WADDINGTON

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characterizes many of the composer's later works. His technique is fluent; his intelligence and energy abundant. But, in the course of these nine Sonatas (which give a fascinating overview of Prokofieff's creative development and an insight into his weaknesses), Boukoff's relatively greater affinity to the first, Romantic works is noticeable. From the Sixth Sonata on, some of Prokofieff's distinctiveness is blurred by the performer's immaturity.

PAUL WOLFE, an American harpsichordist, has made a lovely recording for Expériences Anonymes (EA 0022) of the music of Girolamo Frescobaldi. The *Gaillards, Canzoni,* and *Partite* are charming, even to non-antiquarian ears. Wolfe plays them with lively affection, and the sound of his Pleyel instrument is splendid. In a more specialized category, the same firm has issued a disc called *Notre Dame Organa-Leoninus and Perotinus Magister.* This 12th and 13th Century liturgical music would be of only academic interest if it were not for the exact and yet immediately communicative performances given by the countertenor Russell Oberlin, tenors Charles Bressler and Donald Perry, and the violinist Seymour Barab (EA-0021).

Finally, at the opposite end of the historical scale, some music composed for and played by the tape recorder has been issued in disc form by Composers Recordings, Inc. (CRI-112). Judging by the Ussachevsky *Piece for Tape Recorder,* the Luening-Ussachevsky *Poem in Cycles and Bells* for Tape Recorder and Orchestra, and the *Suite from "King Lear"* (Tape Recorder alone), this assault on the musical status-quo has passed its purely experimental stages. The "music" is already expressive, and some of the problems of giving shape to amorphous sound seem to have been solved. Whether the tape recorder will replace the orchestra is another question. On the reverse side of the record, a young American composer, William Bergsma, is represented by a convinced, skillful work for strings entitled *The Fortunate Islands.* Partly assimilated hints of the Harris, Copland and Stravinsky styles occur in it from time to time, but the idiom is, for the most part, homogeneous and attractive. Alfredo Antonini and the orchestra of the Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia-Roma give it an acceptable but somewhat clumsy reading.

THEATRE and FILMS

Robert Hatch

IT MUST be admitted that music is a great advantage to a musical comedy. There is nothing seriously wrong with *Livin' the Life* (Phoenix) which the score from *Show Boat* would not cure. Dale Wasserman and Bruce Geller have put together a sensible book from Mark Twain's Mississippi River stories, mainly from *Tom Sawyer.* William and Jean Eckart have designed light, engaging sets; Alvin Colt has dressed the company well, though he insists a little on sweet pastels. John Butler has staged a succession of excellent dances, his high moment being Injun Joe's "Nightmare Ballet," and his recurring weakness being a loss of concentration which allows the ensemble numbers to tail off into ad lib romping. But Jack Urbont's score is a sustained musical doodle from opening chorus to final curtain. It can't be sung, at least no one in the Phoenix company can sing it, and what comes from the orchestra sounds like a musical bridge from nowhere to nowhere.

Lacking music, the company presses too hard. Timmy Everett, an acrobatic dancer, tries to be an ingratiating Tom Sawyer and succeeds only in becoming unnecessarily wriggly. Richard Ide appears to be modelling his Huck Finn on Walt Disney's Goofy, and Lee Charles, in the role of Jim, is a melancholy shadow of Harry Belafonte. The show is carried by the grown-ups—James Mitchell (Injun Joe), Stephen Elliott (Muff Potter), Alice Ghostley (Aunt Polly)—who at least have a job to do in the plot.

It is hard for Broadway—uptown or down—to capture the simple joys. Theatre people don't really believe in pigtails and picket fences, and in self-defense they kid what they understand as corn. This is always disagreeable—it turns innocence into something smirky—and *Livin' the Life* suffers from it. But it was sensibly written and crisply staged; if it had been given a voice it might have had enough self-confidence to be naive.

ENGLISH history has been so thoroughly mined by the playwrights that what remains underground is likely to be unprofitable. That, I think, is Norman Ginsbury's principal difficulty with *The First Gentleman* (Belasco): the events and royal personages of The Regency do not burst into dramatic flame even with fanning. Of course, Mr. Ginsbury might have done much with dialogue to animate his morose, transplanted Germans. But his other disadvantage is that he cannot write lines that sound worth speaking in public. It would not surprise me to learn that the House of Hanover talked like boiled cabbage, but the style does not make bang-up entertainment.

Walter Slezak, in the title role, has worked prodigiously to make a man out of what the author has conceived as a mountain of flesh. He is a skillful player, but he spreads out his mannerisms in a desperate attempt to hide the nakedness of his part. It can't be done—in this case the Emperor has nothing but clothes.

DOUGLAS BADER, commander of the famous Duxworth Wing, fought at a leading position in the Battle of Britain under the handicap of two artificial legs. It was a unique, really an incredible display of will power, courage and aeronautic skill, and Bader is quite properly a hero of heroes to the British.

The Rank Organization has now made *Reach for the Sky* to honor this man. The picture is a well-meant but inadequate salute. Bader is played by Kenneth More, an intelligent and sensitive actor who has been too often cast as a "what-ho" life of the party type, and Louis Gilbert, who wrote the

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script and directed the picture, has apparently tailored his work more to the actor's reputation than to his ability. Certainly he cannot have tailored it to Bader.

The flier, we are told in endless clichés, was a man who couldn't be beat 'cause he wouldn't be beat. No one expected him to survive the accident (result of a show-off stunt in a pre-war plane), but he heard someone outside his hospital room say "there's a boy dying in there," and he ground his teeth and held on. Bader had only to wink and pretty girls came running; he had only to lift a phone and the General Staff trembled. His men loved him, the Germans honored him, he saved England and he did it all by grin and grit. There must have been more to Bader than this sermon for the Boy Scouts' annual powwow.

THE NAKED EYE is a history of the still camera. More accurately it is an appreciation of the work of four eminent photographers — Margaret Bourke-White, Alfred Eisenstaedt, Weegee and Edward Weston—with quick glimpses at some of the pioneers, including Brady's Civil War record.

The four principals were well chosen: Bourke-White and Eisenstaedt are photographic journalists, Weegee is a reporter with a press camera, Weston is an artist. The film gives a vivid impression of the power, flexibility and creative possibility of the still camera; it may even help you to make better snapshots, and it is so well edited that it qualifies as entertainment.

A Rebel

A rebel of the absolute
At gold-haired seventeen, he broke
The kind maternal toggle rope.
He fled a freckled, pimpled past

Of armless dolls in rain-pocked ponds,
Black rustler evil, cowboy good,
Love's lessoning rejections, salves,
And stutters in the sacred wood.

He wheeled in engine joy
Through Iowas of golden wheat
That blurred before his absolute:
A thrill of green light from pine trees

Faster and faster he hurtled past
The bleaching signposts of man's way.
Black eyes, red neons reached for him.
He roared on past the toads of day.

Who would have thought a knotted oak
Suddenly would veto joy?
Truly, I cannot say his blood
Glimmers from roses in that wood.

STEPHEN STEPANCHEV

Weston is given more attention than the others, and here a good deal of biographical background has been included. This was unwise, for it is very superficial comment on the life of a very complex man. The project is plagued by an inherent dilemma—it is a motion picture on still photography. Louis Stoumen, who made the film, was aware of the problem and did what he could to separate the subject from the medium that carries it. Nevertheless, it is often hard to decide how much Weston and his colleagues are contributing, how much comes from the movie camera watching over their shoulders. As the ads are saying, the commentary is spoken "movingly" by Raymond Massey—Mr. Massey is a splendid fellow, but he'll do it every time.

TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

May 12 through 16

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, May 12

THE KREMLIN (CBS; Odyssey). A "biography" of the building whose first wall was put up in the 15th century. Film from *Ten Days that Shook the World* and *Peter the Great* will be supplemented by comment from the unlikely team of Alexander Kerensky and Averell Harriman.

THE MAN WHO INHERITED EVERYTHING (CBS; General Electric Theatre). George Sanders stars as the valet who finally turns the tables on his master by assuming his identity. The story, which sounds familiar, is credited to Ernst Jacoby.

Wednesday, May 15

GENTLE DECEIVER (ABC; Ford Theatre). Hobo with a compulsion to good works transforms a backwoods village. Keenan Wynn in the lead.

ANTARCTICA—PAST AND PRESENT (ABC; Disneyland). An historical documentary leading up to and including the present Navy Task Force 43.

Thursday, May 16

THE HELEN MORGAN STORY (CBS; Playhouse 90). Personal saga of the musical toast of the twenties—era of the flapper and bathtub gin. Polly Bergen re-enacts the colorful, tragic life of the actress-singer in a production that will revive such songs as "Bill," "Why Was I Born?" "Body and Soul," "Can't Help Lovin' that Man." Written by Leonard Spiegelgass from information supplied by the late star's friends and family.

A.W.L.

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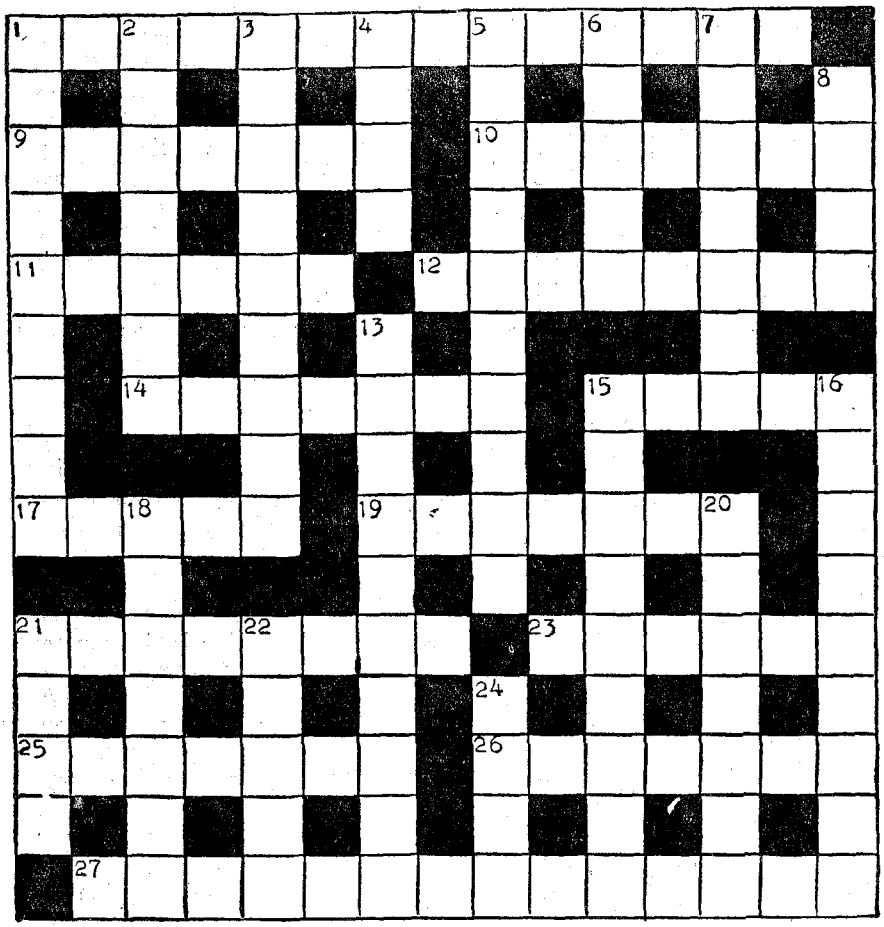
Crossword Puzzle No. 723

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Slight elision for where comforting arms go, ought to be in a form of a ball game. (5, 9)
9 This is in free fantasia style. (7)
10 Slowed down in dim, deep, chaos. (7)
11 Their warning might only be a rising insistence. (6)
12 If Winter Comes—there's a way of speaking here! (8)
14 The literary receiver of good news comes back after a heap of fever. (7)
15 Just a little thing about the French that implies that vacant look! (2, 3)
17 See 16 down
19 When it comes to fish, could this be beaten by the Russians? (3, 4)
21 Try a dozen bottles or so, if you want to establish a precedent. (4, 4)
23 Aimed as a ship might be. (6)
25 Sort of serial followed by one in the country. (7)
26 See 27 across
27 and 26 The ordinary material possessions of such things as 25 are typically British. (12, 2, 7)

DOWN:

1 Excessive devotion. (9)
2 Almost a near relative to a snake let loose! (7)
3 The one from "Saul" might be charmed—and about time! (4, 5)
4 The alternative to 21 down, if you toss and turn. (4)
5 Implying the Damyankees could also be droll fellows? (5, 5)
6 Led up in twos? (5)
7 and 13 down A surd, rather than "Down with the Government!" (7, 10)
8 A barrier to "original sin." (4)
13 See 7 down
15 Mountain folk get lit up on this herb. (9)
16 and 17 across Mother is chafed by this time—evidently, the warning was ignored. (3, 4, 2, 5)
18 Not where Rio Rita came from, but Rio Rosa. (7)
20 .03937 inches in an insect would still be big! (7)
21 At the other end (or other side) of 4 down. (4)
22 A hundred and twenty quires of reddish yellow. (5)
24 Quondam. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 722

ACROSS: 1 SHAVING MUGS; 9 and 24 IRON CURTAIN; 10 BEAST; 12 JURYMAN; 13 COUNTRY; 15 ETCETERA; 16 KITTEN; 18 CRISES; 21 LOGICIAN; 26 UNCLEAN; 28 REAM; 30 DRUB; 31 MOLESTATION. DOWN: 2 HONEYBEES; 3 VIBRATE; 4 and 27 NEAR EAST; 5 MATTOCK; 6 and 11 GREEN-EYED; 7 PROUST; 8 HEARSE; 17 and 29 TICKLED TO DEATH; 19 ROUTED; 20 SWINDLE; 22 GUNSHOT; 23 ABACUS; 25 and 14 TEMPORALLY.

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